



Pax et bonum.

THE FRANCISCAN

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S. Francis' House Festival, Cambridge

Saturday, 15 May, 1976

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| 12 noon | SOLEMN EUCHARIST in S. Bene't's Church.
<i>Preacher:</i> The Rt. Revd. David Maddock,
Bishop of Dulwich. |
| 1.30 p.m. | BUFFET LUNCH at the University Centre,
Granta Place, Mill Lane. |
| 2.30 p.m. | MEETING at the University Centre.
<i>Speakers:</i> Brother Michael S.S.F. and
Brother Damian S.S.F. |

All friends of the Society are welcome.

Those wishing to join in the lunch are asked to notify the Brothers not later than 1 May.

Please write to:

The Brothers, S. Francis' House, 15 Botolph Lane,
Cambridge CB2 3RD.

*The Old Rectory, Stroud, New South Wales, now the home of the
Second Order in Australia. (See the article Clares in Australia)*



Violence



WE live in a violent world. It has always been a violent world, though in times past, as today, there are places and circumstances which it does not touch. Most of us hear of it, read of it and see it in the news, and fear that it will come closer. There are always causes or grievances for which some people are prepared to be violent. There are always people who need violent outlets for their personal frustrations. Violent methods of achieving political, criminal or idealistic ends appear to have been much on the increase—or is it that we are better informed? At any rate, it leaves most of us with a sense of alarm and apprehension about the future course of events. The coming of nuclear weapons seemed ironically to make the possibility of another world conflict very remote—but for how long? Can we hope to keep for ever the means of destruction from destructive hands?

One practical problem raised by social violence is whether it can best be prevented or restrained by counter-violence. There has always been a case for saying that, for a Christian, violence must be borne as Christ bore it, for only that way can the sting of violence be drawn. But if the innocent suffer, who is to say that it should not be checked?

Another practical problem is that of dealing with violent people when they are apprehended. At one time there would have been no problem—they would have been done away with and the problem removed, till the next one came along. What sort of care is best shown to those who are still liable to violent behaviour?

The problem for ourselves is that we know the possibilities of violence within ourselves. The desire to see it violently restrained is part of our desire to check those parts of ourselves which could erupt into violence. Violence in books, films and television has a continuing fascination—perhaps an innocent way of neutralising our own violent desires, hidden it may be or half acknowledged. Yet if the violent tendencies within us are part of our drive, our initiative to achieve something, should we without them fall into indifference, slackness and complacent idleness? Can we be men of peace without losing part of the zeal and zest that give impetus to the course of our lives? Can we be, in the phrase of Roger Schutz, violent for peace?

The Minister General's Letter

January, 1976.

My dear friends,

To say that we are living in a revolutionary age is a truism that we have got used to. But perhaps the revolution is going to be much more far-reaching and radical than we supposed or are prepared for.

The great global multi-national trading companies which have plant in so many countries (but which owe loyalty to none for they are above and more powerful than nation states and seek to dominate governments) are based on greater and greater production, and pressure people to believe they need more and more things. They see huge markets opening in the undeveloped world, and believe the production of more and more is the way to universal prosperity, the abolition of war and therefore the road to happiness. The fallacy of this thinking is exposed in a carefully written book by Richard Barnett and Ronald Mullen entitled *Global Outreach*.

This 'more and more' philosophy which we have grown up on and which is the key to the idea of the affluent society is about to be punctured by the disturbing fact that is thrusting itself before us that there is no more—we are quickly using up our natural resources. Paul and Anne Ehrlich in their book, *The End of Affluence* point us to the certainty of major shortages within the next few years which will mean a very different life-style in the developed countries and starvation on a large scale in some of the poor areas. In their opinion there is no question about this and we would do well to start preparing now. These warnings can no longer be treated as the hysterical screaming of the lunatic fringe but are the prophets of today who are saying that unless we are converted we shall all perish.

This could lead us to panic and despair. Is our world collapsing around us, and are we returning to a new dark age and primitive life? What are we to say of all this in terms of the Kingdom of God which will surely come? Are the words of the Gospel too simple and naive for the complicated technological age in which we live? 'Set your minds on God's Kingdom and his justice above everything else, and all the rest will come to you as well' (Mt. 6: 33). Perhaps what we are seeing more clearly is that we have not set our minds on God's Kingdom and justice as a first priority, but have felt we could do better by our

own efforts and with selfish motives. The great economist, Lord Keynes, said as long ago as 1930, 'For at least another hundred years we must pretend to ourselves and to everyone that fair is foul and foul is fair; for foul is useful and fair is not. Avarice and usury and precaution must be our gods for a little longer'. Keynes counselled that economic progress is obtainable only if we employ those powerful human drives of selfishness which religion calls upon us to resist.

Doctor E. F. Schumacher, commenting on the words I quoted above from S. Matthew's Gospel, says 'They shall be added, we are told, here on earth where we need them, not simply in an after life beyond our imagination. Today, however, this message reaches us not solely from the sages and saints but from the actual course of physical events. It speaks to us in the language of terrorism, genocide, breakdown, pollution, exhaustion. We live, it seems, in a unique period of convergence. It is becoming apparent that there is not only a promise but also a threat in those astonishing words about the Kingdom of God—the threat that unless you seek first the kingdom, these other things, which you also need, will cease to be available to you . . . And this implies, above all else, the development of a life-style which accords to material things their proper, legitimate place, which is secondary and not primary'.

So we are not to see the frightening perils of today as a slide to destruction and extinction, but the call of God to return to the Gospel, really believe the Gospel and discover what it means to put God's kingdom and his justice above everything else, so that all the rest will come to us as well. But we have to learn that enough is good and more than enough is evil. There are poor societies which have too little; but where is the rich society that says, 'We have enough'? There is none and will be none unless ordinary people like ourselves begin to cry 'Halt! We have enough'. The hope for the future is in the ordinary people being aware of the way things are going and returning to the principles given to us by our Lord, which is still the real good news for modern man.

With my love and prayers,

Gerfrey
SSi

Minister General.

Brother Neville S.S.F.

OUR brother died on 27 December in the thirty-second year of his religious profession, and exactly ten years to the day upon which he fell on the ice at the top of the hill above the friary, fracturing his thigh—an incident which began the closing of his active ministry, following so soon after a serious illness in Ceylon and from which he did not fully regain his health.

To many of our friends and even to the closer fellowship of our Third Order brothers and sisters, and to our Companions, Neville was and will remain just a name—a ‘distant relative’ perhaps about whom little is known, but who was and is loved by those who were privileged to work closely with him. Throughout his life, and certainly in the thirty years I knew him as brother, his ministry was a hidden one, and yet it reached to India before his coming to S.S.F., and through the Society’s work in Cable Street, Stepney, it embraced men and women of colour more particularly—he used to say that we, the pink ones were the coloured, but he made no such division.

One thinks of the frail figure Neville was, the rather tatty habits done up with safety pins, the Youth Hostel holidays with the rickety cycle, the lunch box (almost certain to contain a kipper and perhaps a radish), the gentle smile on being asked at what age one ceased to qualify for the Youth Hostel—anecdotes almost as numerous as those regarding Father Algy’s hot water bottle may be assembled—but the Neville we really knew and loved was a strong character, a man who agonized in prayer so faithfully, who was of infinite patience and charity with those with whom he had to do, and who so often failed him as he tried to place them in the Saviour’s hands. We shall never know how costly this was for our brother because, if he could avoid it, he would never draw attention to anything he did or was trying to do.

I feel it should be said that a real part of his apostolate and of his prayer life were those costly words—Mortification, Identification and Reparation applied to and for those to whom he ministered. We will draw the curtain there for he would wish it so.

Our thoughts and prayers are very much for his relatives. And may he rest in peace.

PATRICK S.S.F.

Quarterly Chronicle

Brother Michael writes :

EUROPEAN PROVINCE The Economy. Surely this is something of which everyone is sick and tired ! All we sometimes seem to care is that inflation includes the human consequence that rising wages cannot keep pace with rising costs. No longer can we say 'there's only one thing certain, the rich get richer and the poor get children !' because in fact some of the rich are now finding it hard to make ends meet, and some of the poor are managing pretty well on a hundred pounds a week or more. And both have the facilities to avoid the responsibility of children if they wish to do so.

However as this is altogether too facile a comment on the current situation, the economic niceties of which are extremely subtle and are producing a profound change in our whole social structure, it would perhaps be wiser to say no more than that there is a very real responsibility laid on all Christians to be informed enough to avoid making hasty judgements, and concerned enough to play a significant part in all the processes of prayer, politics and personal witness that might help towards a solution. *Franciscans should care about 'the Economy', because it is part of the Economy of God and our understanding of His whole Creation.*

These thoughts are prompted by the comments that have been made concerning the prominent part played by the Archbishop of Canterbury in the continuing dialogue on the general state of the country, and Bishop Hugh Montefiore in his concern about the environment as related to *Concorde*. It might be that we would consider the Archbishop's remarks lacked sufficient perspective, particularly when directed to the whole nation, or that Bishop Hugh, with his very considerable knowledge of environmental problems, was nevertheless on the wrong side in attacking *Concorde*. What cannot be denied is that they both created, on fundamentally Christian grounds, a wide debate which, particularly at the point where they were personally misunderstood and criticised, was costly and possibly painful—and certainly right.

If we are to be in any realistic sense Franciscans who are alive in God's world, then even at the risk of making fools of ourselves, we should be committed to having an opinion and speaking out.

I am writing this between Christmas and Easter. The first feast is one which poses complex, spiritual and economic questions in terms of this world. What can we make of God choosing to be born in conditions that would correspond to those of a Palestinian Refugee Camp, yet is at the same time symbolically offered all the gold and worship of mankind by men who are variously styled as Kings, Wise, Wealthy and Black ? Then after thirty years comes the short life of a rebel, revolutionary, prophet, mystic, man of prayer, culminating with the equally human poverty of the naked, condemned, tortured and finally butchered criminal who within three days is transformed into all the radiance of the Son of Light ; affirming an attitude to Creation and of mankind that can be understood in this world only in terms of eternal life.

It is within these poles that Francis operated. His ministry was also comparatively brief, and yet it captured the imagination of thousands of followers before his early death seven hundred and fifty years ago—an event which we shall be specially celebrating this year. At a superficial level his wide appeal is understandable because of his intensely human concern ; yet the appeal if carried to its logical conclusion demands a very searching examination of our Christian conscience and practice. At the intimate personal level as Franciscan Friars and Sisters, Tertiaries, Companions, Associates or followers of Francis, we can feel ourselves drawn into a witness which gives new incentive to our corporate living ; the day to day struggle between the mystical and the material ; the supernatural and the natural ; the transcendent purpose of God and the immediate necessities of life. And then one thing becomes clearer—there are no easy solutions and certainly no simple ‘ Franciscan ’ answers.

We cannot avoid every moment of our lives (just because we *are* Franciscan), a profound concern with all the day to day opportunities which challenge mankind’s misuse of the environment, even though we know that the grand design of God in creation has a profound significance that lies beyond them—and humbles us to live within that tension. It is a plain fact that the child born at Christmas became the criminal on the Cross, and at both points Jesus is identified with every human being, who also has within him the inevitable possibility of sharing, even as we look at him, the glory of eternal life. This humble recognition is both the origin of our hope as we face ourselves, one another, and the world (in whatever form the human face of God

represents itself to us) and also a reminder that the slow progress of change from glory to glory demands a patient waiting upon God, even when we are most actively engaged in helping to bring it about.

We are only a small Province in a very small Religious Order yet we happen to be caught at a point in time when within the history of our nation some of the world's ills, both material and spiritual, are being refocussed to a point of clarity which will make it impossible for us to pretend that we cannot see something happening which is changing society irrevocably. It is a privilege in this context that we have brothers and sisters among the deprived and sometimes literally homeless in Belfast, London, Edinburgh and other places ; and an equal privilege that there are sisters and brothers who are committed to the unrestricted world of prayer and contemplation ; knowing, as we must, that both patterns of life are shared in some degree by all. And still we must find, or be captured by, our personal way of witness.

In day to day life the spiritual, social, economic and environmental problems become particularised through encounters which have all the reality of the meeting between Francis and the Leper, or his meditation on a mountain which led to the hard reality of the Stigmata. Yet only a few can work with maladjusted boys, prisoners serving life sentences, under the ever present danger of a bomb, or faced with the uncertainties of extreme poverty. For most of us life is not apparently so dramatic. Either way there is always the trap of arguing from the particular to the general and ending up with vague goodwill.

The whole world could go after Francis because it recognised in him the type of reckless love which the world needs. But only a few, perhaps a very few, are prepared to follow that lead to its ultimate, awful and glorious reality. It is something of this kind with which we need to be challenged during this coming year.

In the meantime it is a great happiness to record the election of Edgar and Harry to Life Vows, and Terry, Amos, Liam, Marcus and Rufus to First Vows. They are all scattered in different houses, which has the happy consequence that an increasing number of the Franciscan Family are able to share in the Profession Services and we hope, in their own way, renew their own dedication to Our Lord after the example of Saint Francis.

Movements

Safely Back

After a short period in hospital in Birmingham, where Brother Maurice has been working at Saint Francis House, we are glad to say that he has made a very good recovery, and after a short convalescence at Littlehampton, he has now returned to the Plaistow Friary. Brother Angelo has returned to Italy, where he is now doing a language course at Perugia, after which he is to rejoin the community at the Centro Ecumenico Nordico, in Assisi. Brother Edmund is due to return from Belfast, and will be joining the Brothers at Plaistow, where Brother Hubert is spending two months before himself going to join the team in Belfast. Brother Jerome moved to Alnmouth just before Christmas after three years at Glasshampton. He will be sadly missed especially at Stourport High School.

Novice Movements

Three brothers have moved on from Glasshampton. At the beginning of the year Brother Christopher went to Hooke School, where he has found a very warm welcome amongst staff and boys. Brother Ninian is at Plaistow, being an able Secretary to the Provincial Minister. While Brother David Douglas has returned to Belfast, where we are sure that he will very quickly feel at home. After some short delay, due to storm damage at Glasshampton, Brothers Hugh, Ruffino and Sean have begun their six-month period at the Monastery. Brother Augustine and Brian Anderson then move from Hilfield to Alnmouth to cover the gap left by the latter two. A welcome addition at Liverpool has been Brother Dominic Christopher.

Additions to the Noviciate

After a twelve month Postulancy, which is the norm for the Friary in Dar es Salaam, four new Novices were clothed on 13 December. Brother James Leslie and Brother Leslie Emmanuel are both from the town of Njombe, in the Diocese of South West Tanganyika, as is Brother John Douglas.

On 1 January, Ian Leslie, who had come to us from South Africa, was clothed at Hilfield Friary taking the name of Brother Augustine. With him was Brother Peter (the Reverend Peter Walker) who was previously a member of the Company of Mission Priests, in Middlesbrough.

Among the Sisters

Sister Barbara, who until recently was with Sister Angela Mary at Newcastle-under-Lyme, has now joined Sister Mildred in her work in Dover. It is now the pattern that Novices and other Sisters from Compton Durville go to the Newcastle-under-Lyme house for a short period.

Brother Desmond

The Bishop of Belize has very quickly taken the initiative, by asking Brother Desmond to help him during a difficult time in his Diocese. Desmond, scheduled to stay in Belize for the few winter months before returning to England, is travelling extensively in the Diocese where the number of priests has fallen to only seven. Desmond begins his course at Mirfield Theological College later in the year.

Three Professions

In November, two brothers in England and one in Scotland were professed in First Vows. First to breast the tape was Brother William Henry, who was professed before a crowded congregation on 22 November at S. David's Episcopal Church in Edinburgh. He was followed by Brother Juniper, who took his vows at Alnmouth on 25 November. The ceremony was marked by a hymn which Juniper composed specially for the occasion—during a hitch-hiking journey the previous day!

Completing the hat-trick was Brother Jacob, who was professed at Hilfield on 28 November. Many of his friends were in the chapel to pray and rejoice with him, including a large contingent from Whitchurch and Canon G.A. French-Beytagh from London. At Christmas Brother Jacob was made Assistant Guardian at Hilfield.

Visit by Bishop Protector

November also saw a visitation to Hilfield by the Bishop Protector, the Right Reverend John Eastaugh, Bishop of Hereford. He addressed the community and saw every brother individually.

Gemütlich at Hilfield

A member of the ecumenical Jesus Bruderschaft community in Germany, Brother Jakobus, is spending six months in this country and has greatly endeared himself to the brothers at Hilfield. Before he returns to Germany in April he will be visiting several other houses in England. Brother Jonathan and a group of brothers will be making a reciprocal visit to the Jesus Bruderschaft in May. It is wonderful to see how the two communities are growing together!

Friendship is also growing between Hilfield and the Lee Abbey community in Devon. In January, Brother Damian took a group of Novices from Hilfield and Compton Durville to share in community life at Lee Abbey for a few days. It was also very nice to welcome some of the Lee Abbey community to Hilfield for their Annual Retreat in February.

Unity Month

In January the Hilfield Family made a very happy visit to Preston Road Methodist Church in Yeovil. They were entertained to tea by the members of the congregation before the Evening Service. A new dimension was given to the Friary's keeping of the Week of Prayer for Christian Unity, when our Tertiary, Miss Elizabeth Coulter, came to lead a discussion on the current situation in Northern Ireland. She comes from Ireland herself and is now Headmistress of Sherborne Girls' School.

Quarterly List

The more eagle-eyed of our readers, especially those who know Brother Aelred, may have noticed that his name has been taken off the quarterly list of brothers. This was done at the request of Brother Aelred himself, who is Prior of Ewell Monastery.

Brother Barnabas

Brother Barnabas has been elected Fellow and Dean of Jesus College, Cambridge. Those who are familiar with Cambridge will know that the College was originally a nunnery. The fine cruciform chapel was originally the nuns' church, and other parts of the convent buildings were incorporated when it was refounded as a college in 1492.

Brother Barnabas will be responsible for the worship of the chapel and will be director of studies in theology. But he will continue to be a university lecturer and also to live at Saint Francis House and to help at S. Bene't's.

Focus on C.S.F.

Mother Elizabeth reviews the work of our First Order Sisters today :

We are in a state of considerable change and rethinking at present. As most of you will know, we have been running a nursing home for geriatric patients for many years. It began in response to the needs of the poor of East London at a time when C.S.F. was all in one place, a small family of Sisters few of whom had any professional training. There were no building regulations and no Ministry of Health specifications. It was a work which a Religious Community might easily undertake, requiring no particular skills, only loving care. The alternatives, for the patients, were to die alone and uncared for or to end up in the Workhouse. Now the Welfare State has changed all that. Who are the poor anyway? The lower income groups can obtain considerable assistance from Social Security and the State is providing more and more beautiful Nursing Homes heavily subsidised. So who are the most needy? Those with fixed incomes? Perhaps, but then these are used to higher standards of living; most want a single room, many want their own furniture and knick-knacks, all resent the loss of their independence—and who can blame them!

Again, quite rightly, geriatric nursing is becoming a highly skilled affair. Not only the physical but the emotional needs of the patients must be studied. Psychiatric assessment, occupational therapy, and physiotherapy play their part, the doctor visits weekly, the chiropodist makes a regular round, a hairdresser is constantly assisting general morale, diets have to be arranged and people's tastes catered for where possible.

And what of the nursing staff? There must be trained nurses in charge to administer drugs, give treatments and be responsible for every minute of the twenty-four hours. Night nurses are essential, where once a Sister slept within call. The work is very heavy and mechanical aids, though a help, are by no means the answer to every aching back. It is also very demanding emotionally, as the total needs of an old person these days are so much greater and more complex than in the past.

How does all this tie up with life in community? First of all, it has to be stated that C.S.F. is not primarily a nursing community but a Franciscan one, which means that only a small percentage of our members are nurses. In plain figures only three out of sixteen novices in the last five years have been nurses and two of these have left. Most of our older nurses are no longer able to do this work. How about the non-nurses, who may work in an auxiliary capacity in the Home? The Community is growing but most of our aspirants are highly trained in other

spheres. Can they and *should* they put aside God-given talents which are equally in demand elsewhere? Perhaps some should, and indeed many do but while all may be required to give short-term service, this does not solve the problem.

Add to all this the rising costs and the need for constant up-dating of equipment, including a recent demand from the Local Authority for considerable alterations to cover fire prevention (all up to date in 1973 !) and you will understand the predicament. We give grateful thanks to God that the financial side has been eased by an unexpected legacy, just at a point when local friends were about to organise an appeal, but it still seems to us that our work must change. We have fewer patients now and though committed to these we do not intend to increase the number, so the Nursing Home will gradually run down over the next few years.

Meanwhile the Guest House work is increasing, with more conferences and conducted retreats besides the constant flow of short-term visitors. It seems likely that in the coming year we may adapt part of the existing building to provide more accommodation, and at the same time various Sisters are engaged in working away from Compton, a factor which may give some indications for the future. Over the last five years a number of new ventures have started; Sister Mary Catherine with girls in Birmingham, the 'quiet' house at Newcastle-under-Lyme, the Hostel at Dover now in Sister Mildred's charge; in Wales, Sister Gwenfryd has been able to spend a great deal more time in the realm of commercial and creative art in which she is so talented, while at Compton the Sisters are involved in an enormous number of outside engagements and missions throughout the year. In America, the Sisters are putting down roots in San Francisco in the style of a Franciscan presence in the city, alongside the Brothers there.

There seems to be an emerging pattern of smaller work situations and varied outreach more suited to the individual possibilities of Sisters. Francis reckoned that his Brothers should earn their keep by their own trade or in some form of service, and it may well be right for some of us to offer skills in institutions run by others, rather than for the Community to try to maintain a specialised work of any size.

It seems to me that we have to be able to accept our limitations. For sheer pride we struggled to maintain the nursing work because we had done it for so long, but we do have to be open to the Spirit continually, and also be willing to put at risk what may appear to be our security. So we continue in faith, relying on your prayers, and trusting that these practical questions may be worked out as we endeavour to be true to our Franciscan heritage.

Carried Away by Violence

From Glasshampton Brother Alban writes: The tempestuous winds on the night of 2 January played havoc with the roofs of our monastery. Two of the corner pavilions had lead stripped off by the force of the gale, and large quantities of slate were carried away, leaving gaping holes in several places.

One brother was returning in the dark while slates were flying through the air, but he passed through the unknown peril unscathed. Next day it could be seen that some of the missiles were embedded in the field some distance from the building.

Emergency work to make the house weatherproof was quickly undertaken, one brother working valiantly to fill in some of the worst of the holes. A great deal

of work will still have to be done and it looks as if the builders will be with us for some time, so that at the time of writing we are not able to take guests.

The newly built clocktower survived unscathed, striking the hours regularly through it all, but a lead hatch cover was carried out by the blast and deposited in the front hedge !

Real Potential at Heathfield

Brother James William writes : We have been well blessed over the last four months with a full house, that is, six lads in residence. They are, by and large, a good group who have a fair degree of potential.

A lad from Durham, who came to us in May of last year, is doing extremely well. In fact, on paper no one would have given him a chance, having been in trouble since he was eleven years old. Like so many youngsters we take he has gone through institutions, like Barnardo's, Detention Centre and Borstal. In this situation he has indeed flourished and there is no reason why he shouldn't be a 'Heathfield' success.

We have had a staff change-over. Brother David Columba has moved to London pastures after having been here for five years—three in the home and two on co-ordination of LANCE (an organisation for single homeless people in Manchester). And Brother Victor has gone to charge his batteries in the prayerful atmosphere of Glasshampton after giving two years in hard graft to the home. The family has now been joined by Brother Liam from Alnmouth.

Brother Noel continues his social worker course at Manchester Polytechnic. He finds that the practical and academic studies give him insight into the breakdowns that occur in individual lives and society. Brother James William has joined the local hospital chaplaincy, giving one day per week to help out the overworked chaplain. He hopes to be licensed by the Bishop of Manchester for the ministry of healing.

Please pray for us all that we may indeed be instruments of God's healing love.

The Boiling-Pot

A reflective look at Hooke from Brother Lawrence Christopher, who writes :

Because I have been away for one full term and rather torpidly convalescent for another, I can perhaps take a temporarily detached view of Hooke as a friary.

My picture is of a mixture in a pot whose surface seems almost unchanging but is liable to eruptions of bubbles, bursting not emptily but to add new richness to the brew. And I suspect that the pot is kept boiling by the one-term visits of novices—not only nor primarily because of the valuable fresh insights they bring to us, but because their needs, their contacts with the rest of the province, their occasional criticisms keep us simmering.

Until last year when Brother Andrew David replaced Ian, the average of our years was more than middle-aged ; now we welcome Christopher to bring the average yet lower. But still, I believe, the 'Visiting Novice' is a vital stimulus to the mixture.

I am at present conscious of a stirring and renewal of devotion ; I hope that this is really a continuing process, noticed only because of absence for a while.

Perhaps its immediate fruit is the decision to re-pattern Morning Assemblies. Responsibility of these has always been shared by the school staff ; now we are looking for boy participation as well, and a more structured scheme of talks by the brothers.

And of course, the final brew depends on the boys and lay-staff as well, whose pots perpetually boil in their divers ways !

Belfast is Home

Full of life, full of children—that's Williamson House in Belfast, where Brother Eric was recently appointed Officer in Charge. Brother Eric lives in the children's home, but there are many visits to and from the Morpeth Street brothers. Brother Eric himself writes :

Residential establishments for the most part cater for those individuals who cannot be cared for by their families. Williamson House falls into this category. The residents are, therefore, particularly vulnerable and require skilled, continuous care and treatment from committed, experienced and trained staff, in order to foster the child's self-respect, independence, opportunities for development and the highest standards of care.

My work here at Williamson House involves helping staff and children break down problems into manageable parts so that they are not overwhelmed by depression, anger, etc., encouraging a search for the causes of behaviour changes rather than just sympathising with the impact of these changes on the rest of the group.

Examining the needs of individuals with thoroughness, and accumulating case material as well as encouraging co-operation with the relevant field workers. Helping staff recognise situations where their prejudices or emotional needs are obscuring a child's needs or preventing teamwork, for example by giving close support in a situation where staff or children are made scapegoats.

The day-to-day routine of the house consists of getting children up, fed and to school in time with the right books in their school-bags. The children here go to six different schools and this means that because of the 'troubles' they have to be escorted. The youngest child is four and the eldest is sixteen years old.

During the day the office work has to be done i.e. ordering food, duty rosters, writing out wage and salary cards, ordering clothes, writing reports. There is also house cleaning, supervising students on child care courses and organising leisure time activities. The colour T.V. isn't always on.

The electrician, baker, plumber, gardener, delivery man call ; the list goes on. Working for the Social Services means that I have a good support structure ; my bosses in the department are always available to discuss problems and give advice in all aspects of residential caring. Religion-wise we are a mixed family : Methodist, R.C. and Church of Ireland have managed to live harmoniously so far and have respect for each other's beliefs.

Yes, we do have our problems ; which family doesn't ? How annoying when you need a pen and none are to be found, because it has been borrowed and not returned. When you need to use the telephone and can't because sweet nothings

are being whispered down the receiver by the teenager in love. Utensils go missing from the kitchen because a child has cooking at school. Yes, we are a family and not an institution, and with God's help and your prayers we will remain so.

Alongside

A new link has been forged with Acklington prison, and with the new Chaplain, Father Charles Birtles. Brother Brian Thomas is now an assistant chaplain there, and visits weekly. In February, he was able to stand in for a week to enable the Chaplain to have a break, and Brother Derek celebrated the two masses on the Sunday.

Brother Liam made a visit to Deerbolt Borstal, near Barnard Castle, and stayed overnight as preparation for his work at Ashton, and the Alnmouth brothers hope that a link may be kept up with this, the nearest Borstal to them.

The handicapped children whom Brother Cecil visits in Alnwick, at Barndale, had their chance to visit the Brothers in January when a party was arranged for them at Alnmouth Friary, which they thoroughly enjoyed.

Bishop Anthony Hunter, Rector of Hexham and now Assistant Bishop of Newcastle in place of our old friend, John Ramsbotham, visited the Friary and talked about his previous experience as Bishop of Swaziland in January, staying overnight with the Brothers.

Gratefully Yours

The Bursar of Hilfield Friary writes : I should like to express our gratitude to the several persons who in the past year have sent anonymous donations, and to say how much we value their thought and care for us. Now that the postage rates are so high I shall not necessarily send receipts for smaller gifts, and as regards Covenants where the tax deduction form is not required, but where a numbered receipt has to be given, these will not be posted for amounts under £5 unless particularly requested, but will be included with the following issue of THE FRANCISCAN.

Notes From Llanrhos

From North Wales Brother John writes : Brother Roger is with us at present, fixing the chapel furniture. He has already erected a shelf for the Tabernacle and a choir stall.

We now have the Blessed Sacrament reserved. Silyn was instrumental in getting the Tabernacle—some of his old friends gave a truly generous donation towards the cost.

We have recently had two Quiet Days here for groups of ladies and we are being used more by clergy who want to spend quiet times with us. We still get wayfarers calling for a night, and one stayed over Christmas with us.

We are mourning the loss of about one-third of our lovely elm tree. It crashed down during the night of the great gale. Brother Nathanael and I are trying to saw and chop up as much of it as we can !

Fiwila Farewell

In a swan-song from Fiwila, Brother Tristram writes : S.S.F.'s withdrawal from Fiwila takes effect from 1 July this year, when the responsibility for the manning

of the establishment will revert to the Diocese. The Bishop hopes to be able to recruit V.S.O.'s to help with agrarian teaching and nursing. Perhaps you have been a generous donor in the past of clothing, old stockings, etc., for the Leprosarium; if so, I know these would still be appreciated after 1 July. Any gifts of money should be sent via U.S.P.G. in London, but other gifts can still be sent direct.

Thank you—for all the help you have given us—for your prayers—for your support in times of stress. Our leprosy patients have a better quality of life because caring is a Franciscan trait. Your caring, over the last ten years, has brought joy into the lives of men and women whom you will probably never meet in this life, and yet . . . if you do it unto one of the least of these my brothers, you do it unto me. *Shalenipo, Bonse.*

(*Shalenipo* means 'Arrive safely at your destination' and *Bonse* means 'All'.)

A New Broom in the Capital

We usually have a complaint about the paucity of staff for housework. Again, at times, we seem ready to burst at the seams when, for instance, the Chapter meets. The advent of an aspirant, Peter Needham, has for the time being undermined our cause for complaint; in fact, the windows are now so clean that one can't see the glass.

Brother Ian has joined Brother David Columba in Soho, where they are both licenced Parish Workers.

It was a joy having Brother David Douglas with us for an all too short visit. He was not used to the word 'Mass' so he had his leg pulled when he celebrated in Chapel; we referred to the Service as 'The Larrd's Supp'r'.

Cambridge Report

Brother Christian writes: The brothers were very pleased to welcome the Bishop of Ely (Bishop Edward Roberts) for supper recently, when he made a week's visit to the city, part of his scheme for keeping abreast of things in his Diocese.

Miss Angela Tilby, a producer in the Religious Broadcasting section of the B.B.C. and herself a Cambridge graduate, was speaker at a recent tea-time meeting in S. Bene't's. She chose as her title 'The Age of Aquarius' and gave a thought-provoking talk about the problems of communicating religious ideas in present-day society, with special reference to her own work for the B.B.C.

A lively exchange of views followed her talk, and we gained some new insights into the problems of the producer of religious programmes, not least of which may be the hostility of other broadcasters to the idea of having religious programmes at all!

Among Students in Scouse

Brother Dominic Christopher arrived here during November and is now working four days per week at S. Katherine's Teacher Training College. This is a Church of England foundation and the brothers have for a long time been expected to be a part of the Chaplaincy team.

Brother Cuthbert is taking part in the University 'Night-Line Training Course'. This organisation runs along parallel lines with The Samaritans, with particular concern for Liverpool University Students.

What's New Pussycat ?

The members of the Home at Hilfield Friary were among those to wish Brother Hubert well at a short local party before his departure in February to Plaistow, where he is presently helping out. Hubert, our great cat lover, has been Warden of the Home and Priest-in-Charge of the local village churches of Hilfield, and Hermitage for seven years. Thanks is usually a two-way thing, and Hubert in reply expressed a gratitude that all the Brothers know is due to the members of the Home for their countless acts of care and kindness. They certainly are a strength, a hidden strength in the life of prayer where many can give support at the altar, and if it were known, just about keep the plant maintained and gardens looking cared for. Brother Richard is now Chaplain to the Home, and has been warmly welcomed as one might expect.

Chifubu

Following Brother Michael's very vivid account, published in the last FRANCISCAN of the township on the outskirts of Ndola, the Copperbelt town in central Zambia, Brother Damian was lucky enough, on his visit to Africa, to receive a further welcome from the congregation and local people of the township. It was a very hot, sunny Sunday morning when he was asked to preach at the morning Eucharist, on the Christmas theme. The interpreter, a local headmaster was so effective that the preacher found himself getting more and more enthusiastic about what he was saying ! On declaring appreciation for such a good interpreter, he learned that Brother Michael had also commented that he was the best in his experience.

Brixton Visits

Brother Gordon has made several very good visits to Brixton, and both he and Brother Jonathan visited the area in February.

Work in the Diocese

The Archdeacon of Sherborne, on behalf of the Bishop, commissioned Brother Bernard and Brother Peter to officiate in the diocese of Salisbury last November. We do so value the opportunity to take our part in the on-going life of the Church in the area and outside it.

Growing Closer

Third Order news from Brother Edward, who writes : The newly printed manual of our Third Order has incorporated the Declaration of 'Way of Life' for Franciscan Tertiaries produced by the Roman Catholic Third Order World Congress which met in Assisi in 1969.

Guidelines for the growing together of our own Third Order and that of the Roman Catholic Church have been prepared by Father Leo Bédrune O.F.M., the Assistant General in Rome who has special responsibility for Tertiaries throughout the world.

Congratulations to Hugh Beach of the Third Order who received a K.C.B. in the New Year Honours List and who has been promoted to Lieutenant-General on taking up his appointment as Deputy Commander-in-Chief, Land Forces.

Dates for Your Diary

It is good to be able to record that the blessing of the Canterbury House will take place on 20 April. In May it's the turn of both the Cambridge and North Wales houses—on the same day !—for on 15 May will be held both the Cambridge Festival and the North Wales Rally.

A week later this time Hooke and Edinburgh share the honours, since on 22 May there will be the Open Day at Hooke and the Edinburgh Rally in Scotland.

Compton Durville holds its Open Day on 19 June, while the Summer Festival at Hilfield takes place on 3 July. Alnmouth holds its Summer Festival on two dates : 3 and 10 July.

Edinburgh Calling

For this issue the final word comes from Edinburgh. We'll hand *the microphone* to Brother Malcolm : ' Our daily round of prayer and work continues much as before. But how aware we are these days of God working through us, in spite of our wilfulness and our lack of trust. God has given us so much to thank him for and it is a tremendous privilege to live out our lives where we do. Please pray for us, for Bruce, William Henry, Michael Kentigern and for me, and be assured that we do pray for you '.

MEDITATIONS OF A NOVICE GUARDIAN

Extracts from Brother James Anthony's Diary, Dar es Salaam

1 July

Pius has proved all expectations to be wrong. He borrowed one hundred shillings way back in January to buy ground-nuts to plant in his shamba. That was the last we would see of that, we thought, especially when the family all blossomed out in new shirts and dresses. But now he comes to me on my first day back, grinning all over his face, and shows me the large basketful of nuts he has given us. The rains were good, God has blessed the seed and he has made one thousand one hundred shillings from selling the nuts at Ilala.

25 July

Very cold this morning—60° in my room. Leslie, one of the young postulants, described in great detail what he put on his bed to cover him, and then what he wore for early chapel under his habit. The words come tumbling out, and when he gets excited they rise to a high squeak.

Veronica gets patients every day with coughs and colds. Matiasi's wife, Modesta, had a bad cough and so have Sophia's two little children.

8 August

Walking down in the rice fields with Sister Veronica before Evensong. The rice has been harvested and all that is left are the dry stalks. The two dogs romp and

play, half-hidden in the stalks. Above, in the dead old mango tree, a mangrove kingfisher sits anxiously watching them. Then suddenly, in a flash of sky-blue and orange, it is off into the air to join its mate somewhere on the other side of the river. The sun is beginning to sink.

25 August

A lot of people at Mass today. The singing wasn't too bad, especially the Gloria. Mama Sabina must enjoy that little number, for her voice rings out over all the others. That's good. There was a time when, like all the others, she crept in almost paralysed by shyness, and never opened her mouth. The new system of placing the collection-bowl at the door didn't work too well, I must admit. A second glean at offertory time did produce a little more, however . . .

14 September

Brother John's sermon. Mainly about the Pharisees and that we weren't to be like them. But then when he got to the end he didn't know how to stop and we started up again in the middle of the discourse. I started sweating in case we got to the end and we all had to go trooping back yet again. Visions of an endless cycle of repeats swam before my eyes, but he managed to stop after forty minutes, and all was well.

29 September

Along the road to the reservoir the village is slowly taking shape. Everybody has moved there from miles around and the houses are in all states of construction. Edward is sitting under a shady mango by his house. When I left in March for my leave in England, this consisted of upright poles lashed together with thinner branches. It is still in the same state.

'Edward! How are you? How's the house?'

'Oh, I'm well. How are you? You look fat. Yes, the house. The house is also well'.

'But you haven't finished it yet?'

'Well, it's hard work you know . . .'

'Come off it!'

He roars with laughter and we shake hands. He lies back in the shade. The house will be finished when it is necessary for it to be finished—next year's rains.

5 October

Mwinjuma, of course, married and lost his first baby. That I knew. Now his wife has died and her second baby with her. He himself can't be more than nineteen or twenty years old. He sat in the shade under the mango tree and laughed and said he was well, but his eyes didn't laugh . . .

12 December

I first broach the idea of a Christmas play and everyone is enthusiastic.

'Kenneth will be the High Priest Zechariah!'. Immediately this cry is seized upon with glee by all the novices. Poor Kenneth would rather like to be ordained, and his leg is pulled unmercifully. After order is restored we try to sort out who will be the wise men and who the shepherds. Mary will be a problem. Chaos rises again as candidates are pulled forward and hairs on chins are counted. I make a mental note to allocate parts privately.

15 December

Basil suggested Agnesi, who lives just down the road, for the part of Mary. She's got a little baby boy as well, and she's not married, at least not at the moment, so there you are . . . '.

William put himself forward as Joseph then had second thoughts and now wants to be the reader. Poor unresisting John has been thrust into white gown and halo as an angel. Leslie will be a shepherd, but only if he can carry one of his goats.

23 December

Agnesi has agreed to appear as long as there is nothing to say. Henry got very excited at the rehearsal and ran around forgetting what he was doing and took Agnesi's little boy, then we couldn't find him, and the wise men got themselves all tangled up putting on their robes and William, who should have been reading, went off in a temper to find out what was wrong. John must be stopped from flapping his arms too much and needn't bear down on the shepherds quite so precipitously. Nothing can be done about the goats, though. They will insist on recording their protest.

24 December

Well, the production has been launched. As we roared through the Swahili version of 'A Virgin Unspotted', Joseph and Mary were refused entrance to the brothers' common room by a scowling Leonard ; were rebuffed from the side-door to the chapel by an equally unwelcoming Damian ; were eventually planted in the chapel surrounded by piles of cut grass and left forlornly waiting as we trooped out to look for shepherds.

No shepherds ! I despairingly start up the last verse of the hymn again, but before we finish indignant bleats announce their arrival. They wave cheerily and sit down. William starts reading ; the angel appears, flapping wildly ; shepherds quake vigorously ; goats bleat plaintively ; collapse of choir in a fit of giggles . . .

. . . it was not, so to speak, a polished production. But we had done it ourselves, and the people who came were thrilled and enjoyed every minute. It was earthy, of the earth, but shining through, unmistakably, like the stars that glittered through the mango trees came the glint of the heavenlies, beautiful beyond our dreams.

Brother Reginald writes :

PACIFIC PROVINCE When I arrived back in Port Moresby in December, I was not going straight to Koke, but instead—a much shorter journey—to Gordons, to the house into which Alfred and Francis Damian had moved a few days earlier. Already the name of the house was painted in brown on a white paving stone set upright at the entrance : 'lik lik hap'. This is pidgin for 'Little Portion', though unpacked cartons spread around inside left so little floor space that my thoughts went to Rivotorto near Assisi where S. Francis made chalk marks to indicate where each friar could sleep. But as we got the place tidied up I was less inclined to think of

Rivotorto. It was after all the place from which Francis and his brothers were turned out so that an ass could be stabled there. No, 'lik lik hap' is a good name. We thank God for it and I think of Psalm Sixteen, verse five. From the start the brothers had made sure that part of the house was furnished simply as an oratory so that their daily prayer would continue without a break when they left Koke. The little chapel stands between the living room and the shower room and provides the only passage from one to the other which shows that not only do we believe that daily life must express itself in worship and vice-versa but also that cleanliness comes next to godliness. The day after my arrival I celebrated with the brothers the first Eucharist in the chapel and we gave thanks to God for all that S. Francis House, Koke, had meant during the past sixteen years and asked for the blessing of the Holy Spirit on the new House and the ministry of the brothers there.

Then the three of us with Comins who had just completed part of his medical course at Port Moresby Central Hospital came to Haruro to join the brothers there for the annual retreat which Father Keith Chittleborough, Vice-Principal of S. Barnabas College, Adelaide, conducted, and for a conference. This was the first opportunity since 1959/60 when S.S.F. first came to PNG for *all* the brothers working in the country to meet together to discuss our work and make plans for the future. That the House at Gordons is small enough for the brothers to be able to leave it for ten days is I think a mark of the greater flexibility which we need for our work here in the future.

At Haruro things are different too. We are no longer responsible for S. Francis Evangelist College. That has become Newton College, the Diocesan Theological College having been transferred from Dogura, and is no longer part of the Friary complex. It is over eleven years since the Evangelist College was established at Haruro with Brian in charge at first and with Timothy as Principal for the last eight years. There are now one hundred and forty-two men who were trained at S. Francis College working in the field : most of them are full-time evangelists. Twenty are priests, fifteen are deacons and one is a professed brother in our Society.

Timothy will join the brothers at Honiara early in February. Alan Barnabas who worked so hard at S. Francis Church, Koke, and will be greatly missed there has gone on leave in PNG before returning to the Friary at Brookfield.

George will be leaving Brookfield to join the brothers in New Zealand. He will be a strength to the House at Glen Innes. Rodney tells me that the brothers have quite a full programme of preaching ahead including a Lent Mission. It is unfortunate that Hugh Donald has come to feel that at this stage he should leave the noviciate. We shall be sorry to lose him and pray that God will bless and guide him as he decides what he should do next.

During November a group of brothers went to establish the House at Alangaula. Randolph, I hear, went on ahead of the others and built a hen house to ensure a welcome for an essential part of the Community there !

Our Provincial Chapter which is usually held in January will not take place until after Easter when the elections of the Provincial Minister and of the Guardian of Haruro Friary are due to take place.

Brother Luke writes :

AMERICAN PROVINCE It has been some time since I have written anything for THE FRANCISCAN, mainly due to the fact that travelling around this province one forgets how early the news must be off in order to make the print.

The First Order Brothers Chapter met here in early November and it was nice to see all the representatives. The Bishop Protector and his wife spent a day with us during the Chapter. Rory MacLeod, a young Scot staying with us, piped Bishop and Mrs. Moore into dinner. On the weekend following the First Order Chapter the Third Order held their Chapter. Geoffrey, Luke, Reginald, and Mark Francis attended. After the Chapter was over Brothers Geoffrey, Damian, and I attended a Religious Life Conference sponsored by Trinity Institute. It made for a very tired three friars with all this activity pushed into ten days.

On All Saints Day we received our first West Indies postulant, John Evangelist. Pray for his perseverance. From the accounts we have Brother Dunstan has settled in very well indeed. Brother Geoffrey gave glowing reports of the work in Trinidad and all that the brothers are doing. We look forward to the latest news when Brother Dominic comes to the Provincial Chapter in January.

In early December I made a quick visit to the West Coast mainly to attend the Life Professions of Sister Joyce and Sister Ruth. The

service was one of great joy. Mother Elizabeth was the preacher and Brother Geoffrey the celebrant.

It was a joy to have Brother Leo Anthony with us over the Christmas festival. His strong voice helped us with the singing of the Mass. In community it's either feast or famine in regards to musical people. Right now not one of the friars at Little Portion can play the piano, so we carry on singing without accompaniment. Thank you, Brother Leo Anthony, for your help !

On 9 January, Father Joseph returned to Little Portion. Joseph suffered a stroke in July of 1974 and has been in nursing care ever since. The Brothers in San Francisco, with the able help of Sister Ruth, have cared for Joseph for the last two years. With change in personnel it has now become necessary to have Father here so the care can go on. Our special thanks to Brother Robert and the Sisters for all they have done.

Letter to Companions

March, 1976.

My dear Companions,

Now that our numbers have reached nearly two thousand, we have had to review our organisation !

Firstly, you will be interested to know that a new leaflet has been prepared, incorporating the Principles and Rule of Life. I hope this will be helpful as we continue to receive new Companions. The Service of Admission has also been revised—I hope enriched.

It was in January, 1974, that Brother Colin Wilfred and myself accepted responsibility as Wardens for Companions throughout the whole of the British Isles. Over the past two years, we have tried to build up the Companion family, visiting older members in their own homes, being present at meetings where possible, and receiving new members. Understandably, time and other commitments have made it possible to meet only a proportion of you ; and I know for my part that I have not met as many of you as I would have wished.

With the growth of the Society, in particular the opening of the Canterbury House, a revision of the arrangements regarding the Wardenship of Companions has been necessitated. The reason for this is, that with Brother Colin Wilfred at the Canterbury House, he is no longer able to continue as Warden of the Southern Region. I would like to thank him for his work as Warden. He will continue to serve those of you who live in the South-East corner.

After discussions at the Provincial Chapter, Brother Michael has asked me to be Warden of Companions covering the whole of Britain. It was further felt to be a good plan to link the Companions' areas to the various Friaries, and for a sub-warden from each Friary to be responsible locally. I have set out how this will look in detail.

Area	House
Northern Ireland and Eire	Belfast Friary
Scotland	Edinburgh Friary
Wales	Ty'r Brodyr, Llanrhos
Northumberland, Tyne and Wear, Durham, Cumbria, Cleveland, North Yorks, Humberside	Alnmouth Friary
Lancashire, Cheshire, South Yorkshire, Nottingham, Derby, Lincoln	Liverpool Friary
Salop, Stafford, Hereford, Worcester, West Midlands, Leicester and Warwickshire	Greystones S. Francis, Newcastle-under-Lyme
Oxford, Berks., Buckingham, Herts., Northants and Bedford	Plaistow Friary
Kent, East Sussex, West Sussex and Surrey	Canterbury House
Norfolk, Suffolk and Essex	Cambridge Friary
Gloucester, Cornwall, Devon, Dorset, Avon, Wiltshire, Hampshire and Isle of Wight	Hilfield Friary and Compton Durville

This arrangement will take effect from 1 May. I look forward during the course of the year to visiting some more of you in your own homes, and to making visits to Companion areas that I have not been to so far.

With every blessing,

Yours sincerely,

VINCENT S.S.F.,
Warden of Companions.

Changes of Address

If you change your address, please notify us as soon as possible, by sending back the last FRANCISCAN envelope, *with the address correction written in block letters*, to :

The Secretary, The Friary, Hilfield, Dorchester, Dorset.

Thank you !

Clares in Australia

Reproduced by courtesy of The Australian Women's Weekly

DRIVING home through the soft, green hills of Stroud, the sky streaked with pink and gold, gentle shadows enveloping distant farmhouses, we knew we had just lived a unique and strangely moving experience.

Still in our ears, the pure sweet sound of three voices singing of their love of God. Still in our minds a glimpse of unutterable peace, a yearning to have the something they'd found and we perhaps never would—contentment.

Photographer Keith Barlow and I had just spent the day with Sister X, Sister Y, and Sister Z—three Anglican nuns who are pioneering the first enclosed convent of the Community of S. Clare in Australia.

In a way, their convict-built house in Stroud, a quiet New South Wales town of about seven hundred people, is symbolic.

It was one of Australia's early settlements, dating back to 1826. It was called Stroud because it is so like the Cotswold country around Stroud in Gloucestershire, England.

The Rectory, where the community now resides, has housed rectors of nearby S. John's Church of England from 1836 to January, 1975.

On 12 August, Bishop Shevill, the Anglican Bishop of Newcastle, who sought to have this contemplative community life in his diocese, will conduct a simple enclosure ceremony.

After he blesses the house and grounds, the nuns will never again set foot outside their new home—except in dire emergency.

Never again express publicly their deepest emotions, or speak of the life they have chosen.

Their's is a world as far removed from ours as another planet—and yet, it was so absolutely normal, so thoroughly acceptable, so **right**.

The nuns were jolly, not a bit shy. Trendy even. Their life is a good one. Why, we wondered, does it seem so extraordinary to so many people? Why don't we understand?

To understand the way an enclosed order lives it is first necessary to understand what **they** mean by prayer.

You might think of it as simply reciting words you have learned as a child. A prayer begins at the beginning and ends at the end. A nun, you think, spends her life saying thousands of just such prayers.

But to these sisters, prayer is the whole of life. 'It's chucking everything over, emptying yourself completely and making yourself available to God'.

They believe prayer is creative—a finding of yourself and your resources. You don't even need words.

'It's open to anyone', Sister X explains, eyes bright behind thick-rimmed glasses. 'It can be found in any state of life in which we each find ourselves.

'For us, this intimacy has drawn us apart to live very closely with the Person we love more than anything or anyone. He chose us, we didn't choose Him.

'It's as simple as that—a love story if you like.

'There are no barriers where love is, that is why our enclosure is a uniting thing with people—in the love we have in our hearts for them.

'Does this make sense?'

Strangely enough, in that ramshackle house with the plaster falling from the walls, boards as bare as when they were first laid, old cedar wood darkening the rooms, it did.

Sister X—tall, angular, amusing, a professional sculptor until she went to England to join the Community in Oxfordshire eighteen years ago—was born in Maitland and attended a private school at Moss Vale.

I wanted to ask her some questions, but she was very anxious to get her message across. So I let her. It's a great way to explain it.

'Look—take the great turbo-generators hidden deep under the ground in the Snowy Mountains, with one or two engineers manning the station.

'At the flick of a lever, distant cities, factories, thousands of homes are flooded with light and power. In the realms of prayer, this is the hidden job of the enclosed contemplatives.

'They are a point of contact, for those who want it'.

Sister X was doing well at her chosen career until she chanced to hear a Franciscan friar speak in a Catholic church. 'Suddenly I got a glimpse of another dimension of life—of what it would be like.

'Listening to him speak, I got an inkling of enclosed life. Closeness to God, a life of prayer, a simple, uncluttered relating to God. And you jolly well know you won't be happy if you don't try it.

'My family were aghast. They said, "You're crazy!"

' I myself knew nothing of religious life. When I set sail for England I honestly thought I'd last a week. But I stayed eighteen years '.

It was entirely different for Sister Y. Born to upper-class English landed gentry (' quite boring really ') she'd decided on an artistic career and had been an arts student. She'd also written articles for leading English magazines.

' One Christmas Eve, after a round of parties, I knew what I had to do. I was in my bedroom getting dressed, and it came to me that I had to join an enclosed order. I was only nineteen—very young for such a decision.

' I'd considered other ways of life. I almost married. But I knew it just wasn't right for me.

' I applied to join in January, and became a postulant in September. I didn't tell my family until I was just about to enter. They were terribly upset.

' Now seven years have passed, I've taken final vows, I'm very happy—and they've just come round to accepting that fact now '.

She chuckled. ' I expect they were frustrated grandparents to be ! '.

It was Sister Y who came to clean the dishes after our picnic lunch on the lounge-room floor. She said to us, ' We were just talking about you in the kitchen and you know what we all said ? " Thank God, they're normal ! " '.

We laughed. It was just what Keith and I had been thinking about them.

Sister Z is a New Zealander. ' I come from a very ordinary middle-class background. My father was a banker. I was a librarian. I lived the normal life of any working girl—and yet . . . something was missing.

' I was a practising Anglican. Somehow I knew, after turning it over and over in my mind for seven years, I had to try an enclosed life.

' We don't choose this life. I believe we're chosen. There's some call within you that says " This is what you have to do " '.

Sister Z spent eight years in the English house. On her way home she took a trip to New Zealand to visit her family. This may never happen again.

The life the nuns have chosen is very simple. Spartan, if you like. They grow their own vegetables, make their own bread, live on their skills and above all, base their philosophy on love for each other.

Their life is stripped to the bare essentials. They own nothing, they need little.

At the moment the Stroud community is adjusted to a new environment—a temporary one. They are receiving visitors, meeting local people, answering questions, shopping in town.

Instead of rising at five, they rise at six. All this will change the moment their order is totally enclosed. Their routine will be as it was in England.

Matins, a short break to do chores, Lauds at seven. Strict silence until after 9 a.m.

They breakfast on porridge, a slice of wholemeal bread with margarine, honey, coffee. One hour's prayer time on their own from eight until nine.

Short community prayers for ten minutes (Terce), then work till midday.

For the new venture, work means repairing an old building, chopping wood, organising their vegetable garden, cooking, washing, painting. They will work out a weekly roster.

At midday, Sext, a ten-minute prayer time in the chapel. The main meal of the day is lunch. They are vegetarians, so this means salads or a bean dish, eggs, milk pudding, fruit and fruit juice.

They haven't quite worked out 12.30 to three yet, but it will include free-time, spiritual reading, and work.

Another ten minutes in the chapel at three (None) then to afternoon tea, nothing to eat.

At 4.30 a longer twenty-minute period of prayer, Vespers.

Mass at 5 p.m., then dinner—2 ozs. of cheese, or eggs, homemade bread, left-over pudding, coffee, followed by work-time.

They usually have a community hour, or free time, when they can chat, read, write letters home. At 9 p.m. Compline, a short night prayer.

All their offices are traditional monastic prayers dating back to early Christianity. They never have long, concentrated hours of prayer.

They can read in bed if they like before going to sleep.

At the moment, the chapel is improvised. A peasant cloth over a rough table for an altar and two simple candles. In the corner—berries, leaves, and native flowers to glorify the setting.

‘Eventually’, says Sister X, ‘we’d like to make the old cellar under the house our chapel. It’s cool and quiet and just right for prayer. It’ll take some doing—but we’ll get there’.

Already their land is cleared and bulldozed ready for planting. Men of the district have installed a new bathroom and hot water service, set up work-benches, carted wheelbarrows of pumpkins, potatoes, and other home-grown vegetables to stock the larder.

When the order is eventually enclosed, the nuns will shop by telephone.

One of the misconceptions about enclosed life is that they **never** speak.

Two weeks of the year are ‘rest time’. They don’t leave the house and gardens, but they can receive friends, and family.

When they do get together what do they talk about?

‘We talk about what we’d been doing during the day, things we’ve read—we get a daily newspaper—we read books, we talk about our families, and we laugh a lot’.

We paid our three rosy-cheeked, happy friends a final visit before we left Stroud and a very touching incident happened that must be retold.

They had, apparently, found it difficult to put into words the things they felt in their hearts. So they each wrote me a letter.

Each was very beautiful, but I quote from one which explains more than I ever could exactly how they feel about a life many people judge ‘useless’.

‘It is impossible to describe our life either in words or in pictures—the only way to discover what it is like is to live it, and then it seems so ordinary that there isn’t anything to be said about it.

‘Enclosure, silence, prayer, listening, worship, community life, joy, love, suffering, laughter—as soon as we try to talk about any of these things, we seem to begin to destroy them, which is partly why we are both reluctant and unnecessarily verbose, maybe, when we are asked to talk about it.

‘Each sister has her own individual vision and experience of our life together.

‘Part of the stimulation in our life comes from the way we live corporately with such diverse personalities and ideas.

‘ Each of us has come into the community in a different way, with different expectations, from different church traditions, different backgrounds—yet each has come in obedience to some sort of call, vision, experience, awareness of God.

‘ Silence is one of the most essential elements in our life. There’s no need to describe the noise, the rush, the ambitious striving of much contemporary life.

‘ Prayer is listening. It is waiting. It is being still . . . and so we need a silent house.

‘ It’s not a withdrawal from communication, but a very deep form of communication with God, and also with each other.

‘ In order to develop the silence, we need to love and trust and respect the people we live with—all resentments, tensions, anger, selfishness destroy our prayer life, and so we have to learn to cope with all these tendencies within ourselves.

‘ The silence forces questions upon us—“ What am I ? ” “ Who is she ? ” “ What is God ? ” and silence leaves us free to explore these questions.

‘ **Free.** There’s another significant word. The first thing I became aware of when I joined the community was a new sense of personal freedom. At last I could be my real self.

‘ All customs are designed to enable us to live as freely as possible in the community. The material simplicity, and the regularity of our daily life, contribute to this.

‘ But it’s not just this—I suppose it’s partly because it is truly fulfilling.

‘ All my friends exclaim at my happiness. “ You’re just like somebody really happily married ”, they say. We’ve all noticed the transformation in our friends when they have met the right man for them.

‘ Sometimes we get asked about our vow to remain single forever, as it seems a fundamental part of life is being denied.

‘ For most people it would be physically and emotionally frustrating. Curiously, our life demands just those qualities which are needed for a happy marriage—self-giving, generosity, a willingness to listen, to admit one’s faults, love.

‘ Somehow, our total surrender to God of all that we might have given to one human man, and our children, has the same fulfilling effect—it isn’t frustrating, it’s releasing, freeing—it enables us to care for people, so that we want to go on living this prayer life for them.

‘ The life has no meaning on its own—it’s a life for others ’.

There was a postscript to the letter : ‘ The most essential quality is a sense of humour ’.

Well—they’ve got that.

I asked Sister X how many women who entered the order last the distance.

She grinned and said. ‘ You know what we say ? “ They comes and they goes—but mostly they goes ! ” ’.

It’s a life for only a small band. But how many of us could truthfully look at our lives and say :

‘ There’s nothing else I could ever want or do want on either side of death ’.

PAT DASEY.

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The Roots of Violence



IN the main violence is a learned pattern of behaviour. It has been shown that children subjected to violence from their parents are often violent to their own children in due course. A young boy who sees his father violent towards his mother will often respond in the same way to his wife when the time comes.

We all learn from those around us and from none more so than our parents. For a child to reject the example of his parents is a most painful, difficult and often impossible task. Alcoholics often have an alcoholic parent, they see all the horrors of alcoholism, yet they fall into the same trap.

This is not all inevitable ; some manage to do what may be called a reaction formation, by acting in exactly the opposite way and reinforcing this by constantly reminding themselves of the dangers. The son of an alcoholic may become a strict teetotaler who constantly tells of the evils of drink.

With violence this is even more difficult, as at a superficial level violence seems to work. The bully gets his way, but at the expense of losing positive, co-operative relationships with other people.

We all react with horror and disgust when we read of acts of violence, but these are only the cases that make the headlines. Much violence that goes on in the home behind closed doors and curtains never gets reported, but still produces its own toll of human misery and broken family relationships, which have a chain reaction in the next generation. To call the family the cradle of violence is an ugly concept for those who regard family life as precious and good.

Both men and women can be violent, but men are usually physically stronger than women and when they completely lose control in the home few women can defend themselves. A man who is prepared to punch, kick, and use any weapon he can find, including a knife or razor, will inflict serious physical injury when his inhibitions are removed. He may be seriously provoked, but often the provocation is trivial or as a result of his own unreasonable actions. Alcohol adds fuel to the fire by removing inhibitions and allowing all the violent learned experience to be expressed in physical terms.

To talk about preserving the family unit in such cases where women and children are subjected to such violent eruptions is a nonsense. It may be an easy way of containing the situation, and cheap in the first instance, but future generations will pay dearly.

The law as it stands is totally ineffective in dealing with this situation. Marriage Guidance Counsellors are totally impotent where the boot and the fist are ruling forces in a family. Social Services cannot cope with the problem of battered babies without entering into the field of other family violence. Tranquillisers and antidepressants prescribed to women who ask medical or psychiatric help because they cannot stand the strain, will do little to relieve the situation, but may provide the tool for a suicidal attempt.

The violence that goes on in that family will finally spill out into society ; in many cases there is already a history of crimes of violence. Children truant and become unmanageable at school, finally erupting into classroom violence. Both girls and boys just want to get away from home. It comes as no surprise that a young girl from such a family will go off with almost any man who is prepared to take her and stand up to her father. The horror is that he is often such a man as her father and the pattern is repeating itself again already.

A solution to this violent cycle will be far from simple. The realisation that the family provides a residuum of latent violence does allow for new and different approaches to the problem. Help and support of families who have the violent streak may be more effective than punitive measures, but if administered without clear corrective aims, can extend the situation rather than cause diminution.

Really violent men (and women for that matter) do not learn easily. Firstly, their past experience leads them to think violence works. Secondly, they have to be shown that other methods of dealing with problems of relationships can be more satisfying and satisfactory in the long term. This in itself implies that there is a gap in a violent person's knowledge of human relationships. Few acts of violence are coldly calculated, most arise spontaneously due to a low frustration tolerance. This may be followed by remorse, which although it may appear to be deep and genuine, is unfortunately short lived and completely forgotten at the time of the next eruption, which can occur within days or even hours of its predecessor.

Where there is an escalating pattern of violence, suspicion and heavy

drinking in a family situation, emergency action is needed to prevent a woman or child being seriously physically hurt, if not psychologically damaged for life. Women and children must be given sanctuary. Long before the State or voluntary organisations were providing this function, the ancient monastic communities came to the rescue of those who fled and hammered on their doors in desperation. Any social work that was to be done in those days would have to come from that same religious order. How effective it was is difficult to judge.

It is a misguided doctrine that claims a child needs his or her father even if he is a bad one. Certainly a child needs a father, but a man that can be respected and will pass on to the child by example a different pattern of behaviour to heavy drinking, suspicion and violence. A surrogate father is essential if the biological father cannot fulfil his task. The relationship between child and mother is more emotionally dependent, and separation from her will lead to great ambivalence, even if the example was one of promiscuity, neglect, heavy drinking and minor violence. Support without separation will be possible in all but extreme cases.

Laudable as it may be to concentrate on the future generation, to neglect the adult present generation, or worse still to totally exclude them, will lead to further problems. A woman excluded from her children while she is young has a simple, crude and effective way of dealing with that by conceiving some more, and even sterilisation does not stop her from stealing children. A violent man prevented from consorting with the woman of his choice strives to find a substitute, which can spread the violence to another family. A woman who has finally broken from a violent man will certainly not automatically finish her relationships with the opposite sex. She will find it difficult to find a man who is prepared to take her and her disturbed children as well, unless he is desperate to find a substitute wife. It should not come as a surprise to find he is a violent man who has lost his wife, and so the miserable cycle repeats itself.

Violent men are often dependent and when seen in later life are pathetic figures deprived of human relationships, in need of care and protection themselves. Suicidal attempts and gestures are seen when women break free from these men. It would be totally inhumane to write them off as redundant and expendable ; in practical terms they will cause considerable havoc before they totally spend themselves. Any re-training programme in peaceful living is going to be long, and

there will be many drop-outs en route. Nevertheless, many of these men are far from failures in the worldly sense. They may come from all social classes, trades and professions and the more able may be the more dangerous in terms of propagating violence.

WARLINGHAM PARK HOSPITAL,
SURREY.

JOHN GAYFORD,
Consultant Psychiatrist.

Violence and Young People



ACCORDING to the conventional wisdom of the times, it is an irrefutable fact that violence and vandalism among young people are increasing. But the assumption that this is so needs to be treated with some caution.

The prominent attention given to vandalism and hooliganism in the contemporary national and local press conveys the impression that it is strictly a modern phenomenon. This headline, for example—‘Police and Public Join Forces to Wage War on the Hooligans; Menace in the Streets Being Cleared Up At Last’—comes from the front page of the Sunday Dispatch in 1955 during the Teddy Boy era. People have always been outraged by outbursts of violent behaviour, whether they have been caused by Teddy Boys, Mods and Rockers, Skinheads or Manchester United football fans.

There is also a sense in which violence is thought to be on the increase precisely because of the general expectation that improving living standards and greater material prosperity would reduce the incidence of violent behaviour. Yet, today’s affluence may make relative deprivation more difficult to bear. If you are poor in a prosperous society, it is harder to accept than if you are poor in a situation where no-one has much money. It is not much consolation to young people when their parents tell them how poor they were at the same age. Obviously, shared poverty did produce a remarkable quality of mutual support, yet it is hardly surprising that youngsters who are constantly bombarded with the values of a consumer society should want their share of the material possessions held in such high esteem.

There is a further danger in discussing violence as if it was the only, or at least the major, problem presented to a worried society by young people. Many youngsters do relieve the boredom of their lives by stealing, vandalism and violence in a way that is destructive and frightening to the people around them. Yet, the dramatic stereotype of violent and dangerous 'juvenile delinquents' pillaging our inner city areas does not provide a total picture of the problems prevalent in deprived neighbourhoods. Those young people who have become notorious for their violent behaviour are often outnumbered by their friends whose activities do not cause immediate concern. The attitudes of these inarticulate and bored young people are described perceptively by Bernard Davies :

'What seems to characterise so many of their lives is not wealth but privation and even outright poverty. These young people are mostly not angry and active, but apathetic and unassertive, especially in the face of "them". Even where few minorities threaten them directly, a deep-seated bigotry often bitterly obtrudes, as they seek to defend the little they do possess. Far from challenging the world around them with an insistent individuality, they seem personally and socially incarcerated ; their talents are consistently underrated, their vision constricted, their most personal modes of expression stifled. Each self-image they have created for themselves has been repeatedly deflated, all futures prematurely and permanently foreclosed'.

Perhaps this is the real violence—the violent terms of life inflicted on young people which convince them of their own limitations and prevent them from exploring new opportunities. Both aggressive and withdrawn behaviour are often merely different reactions to the same situation. Yet, while the noisy and disruptive child provokes critical and punitive responses from adults, the shy and nervous child is often quietly ignored.

It is short-sighted, therefore, to discuss the question of violence in contemporary society without relating it to the unequal terms of life which constitute the everyday experience of many of our young people. 'Born to Fail', published by the National Children's Bureau in 1973, represents an attempt to quantify the incidence of 'social disadvantage'. The authors' definition took account of three major factors that seemed to them to determine the quality of the environment in which children are brought up ; family composition, low income and poor housing. They reserved the category of 'socially disadvantaged' children, not for those children who fell into one or other of these groups, but for that group of children who fell into all three of these categories. The research showed that one child in sixteen was badly housed, *and* came

from a low-income family, *and* belonged to a one-parent or large family. In concrete terms, this means on average that these adverse circumstance will have been the experience of two children in every British classroom.

But what is the connection between these negative environmental factors and the life-experiences of those we label 'socially disadvantaged' and 'deprived'? What are the links between 'deprivation' and violence? Sir Alec Clegg begins to give some indication that certain emotional and social attitudes arise from a restricted, and restricting, environment :

' In any school in any part of the country, we find among the pupils
 one who is the most confident, one the least ;
 one who likes his teacher most, one who likes him least ;
 one who comes from the most stable home, one from the least ;
 one who is the most healthy, one who is the least ;
 one who is the most imaginative, and one who is the least ;
 one who is born of the most aspiring parents, one of the least ;
 one of whom the school expects most, one of whom it expects least ;
 one who receives the most encouragement or recognition, one who receives
 least ;
 one whose speech habits help his learning most, one whose they help least '.

In this insistent and reinforcing way, the socially disadvantaged—the 'least' children—will have an acute sense of being excluded and left behind by the material and related rewards gained by the 'most' children. This gulf between expectation and actual achievement intensifies their sense of frustration and resentment. This frustration can manifest itself in behaviour problems at school, delinquent adaptations and uneven work records.

If these are some of the wider social factors operating in our society, there are also particular communities in which there appears to be a greater incidence of violent behaviour. It is no coincidence that violence and vandalism is more prevalent in two types of community. It is recognised to be more widespread, for example, in the very disorganised slum area where an originally cohesive community has been destroyed because slum-clearance and redevelopment programmes have removed most of the respectable and socially positive element from the neighbourhood. Their departure leaves a residue of struggling families, often with multiple problems. The area rapidly advances to a state of deterioration in which it is difficult to sustain the effort to keep up appearances and stem the advance of demoralisation. Violence

is also particularly acute on new housing estates which can be termed 'non-communities'. A sense of community, arising from shared values and experiences, has not developed in this kind of area because its inhabitants have been thrown together arbitrarily or accidentally. This invariably means that the estate has built no common traditions and agreed standards with which to check the behaviour of vandals.

In both these contexts, a real loss of community has been suffered. Young people consequently live today in a more impersonal environment, a world without the sanctions and controls that have traditionally existed. In closely knit communities children were more likely to be known by sight to neighbours, shopkeepers and the local policeman, and this instant recognition and respect based on common ties imposed certain restraints and limits on extreme behaviour. As Richard Cloward has observed :

'Young people will be more responsive to an adult community which exhibits the capacity to organise itself, manage its problems and mobilise its indigenous resources than to a community which must have these functions performed by external agents'.

How, then, are we as adults to relate to young people if their worst excesses of violent behaviour are to be prevented? Our child care policies have come to recognise that young children have rights of their own, which demand that they are treated specifically as children. We tend, however, to be more ambivalent in our approach to adolescents, alternately treating them as dependent children and then demanding that they comply totally with our expectations of how grown-ups should behave. This degree of ambivalence reflects our attitude that adolescence is a phase, a developmental stage that has to be got over as quickly as possible before the adolescent becomes an adult. But we need to accept young people for what they are, rather than what they may become.

This requirement to take young people seriously, and not dismiss their fears and hopes as merely a passing moment in their development, suggests three principles which should guide our dealings with young people, particularly those who live in deprived neighbourhoods. Firstly, we must learn to show unconditional respect to young people. It is essential that we deal honestly with them, even showing respect for their rebellion. If young people today are less prepared to accept ways of behaving just because they were accepted in the past, then we need to recognise their right to independence and to stress the value of

individual autonomy as much as conformity. Indeed, the young have qualities that are essential in times of rapid social and technological change, as Professor Walter James has pointed out,

‘ Situations of rapid change, in which the future can differ disjunctively from the past, create an imperative for human adaptability and continuous development that makes all to some extent adolescents : old as well as young, now and throughout their life span. The situation in which the young during a period of their lives accommodated themselves to the roles that they were to play for the rest of their life-span has changed to a situation in which, for all the permanent gives way to the provisional, becoming is the continuing essence of being, the journey is the goal, and the process of transformation the recurring end ’.

In this context of constant change, it becomes more imperative that adults share, more openly and honestly, their own doubts and dilemmas with young people, recognising that everybody is affected by the contradictions and complexities of modern society.

The second need is to provide meaningful challenges for our young people. The urgency of being more open and flexible in our approaches to young people should not lead us to evade the equally difficult responsibility of placing demands on them that help them to face the realities of their situation and present them with new opportunities. But we are reluctant to present real opportunities for self-determination and hesitant to extend full responsibility to young people. If the adult world began to treat the experience of adolescents as valid and relevant, then there is ample scope for them to be accepted as partners in its organisations and allies in its activities. It is essential that we discover ways of giving a fair hearing to the largely submerged point of view of adolescents and provide new constructive outlets for their energies. After all, young people who have effective ways of shaping their environment are less likely to be apathetic or self-destructive towards it, as the report ‘ Youth and Community Work in the 70s ’ recognises :

‘ In a situation like the present where change is not merely an occasional event but a characteristic condition, the exclusion of individuals from decision making in public affairs, or lack of encouragement for them to be engaged, is much more likely now to create a sense of the individual’s powerlessness to influence social policy, so that at best he becomes apathetic and indifferent, and at worst cynical, nihilistic or anarchic ’.

Thirdly, we need to involve young people in the lives of their own communities. Young people, and especially the youth of our most deprived areas, should be given every opportunity to work on joint

tasks with adults, to participate in solving those problems which also confront their own parents and neighbours. The work done by a group of youngsters in clearing an area of derelict open space for use as a playground ; the meeting of a group of boys with a local tenants' association to discuss the problems of vandalism on a housing estate ; the formation of a ' working party ' of boys and girls to do window-cleaning and repair jobs for local old-age pensioners ; their participation in protests against the inadequate provision of play facilities—the gain in status and self-confidence which results from these kinds of achievement is perhaps the most effective way to prevent delinquent behaviour, to overcome apathy, and to encourage ' deprived ' young people to confront their problems more rationally. It is easy to assume that the young people we label as ' deprived ' and ' delinquent ' are incapable of taking an active interest in the problems of their neighbourhood, but it is possible to plan for their critical involvement if the issues are sufficiently close and meaningful to them.

NATIONAL CHILDREN'S BUREAU,
ISLINGTON.

TERRY POWLEY,
Senior Research Officer.

What Can We Learn from Pacifism?



A FRIEND said to me recently ' Don't you think it is about time one made up one's mind about pacifism one way or the other ? Should I be a pacifist ? '. My first reaction was ironical and negative. Neither he nor I are called on to decide about pacifism and it is very

unlikely that we shall ever receive the call to arms and be forced to make up our minds. Therefore, or so I thought, it is a mere idle luxury for us to try and think through our position. I still think that this is correct as far as it goes, but that it is less constructive than it might be. What I want to do in this article is see what positively someone like myself, who will probably never be involved, can learn from the pacifist.

Pacifists come in many shapes and sizes. For example, the Jehovah's Witness is a familiar but also a very alien pacifist : he will have no part in war not because war is evil but simply on the ground that

participation in war involves serving in the kingdoms of this world, something he thinks that God has forbidden him to do. I shan't reflect here upon the lessons of the Jehovah's Witness. Instead, I want to focus on two other sorts of pacifist from among the many to be found in the records of conscientious objection.

My first type is the *anti-violence* pacifist. He is the person who finds himself unable to participate in any kind of violence because, so far as he can see, every act of violence is contrary to love towards one's neighbour. He may or may not go on to add that so far as he can see other people should agree with him in rejecting all violence in favour of *agape* (love). It is not hard to cook up a dilemma for him. Suppose an enemy soldier is coming up the garden path to rape his sister and cut his mother's throat. He is in the garden shed and there beside him there happens to be a rifle. He happens to be a good shot. He knows from a variety of recent incidents that trying to reason with the oncoming aggressor will be fruitless : it will merely add one more scalp to the soldier's tally. Nor is there the possibility of merely shooting to wound the aggressor : the gun that is to hand will only miss or kill. What should the anti-violence pacifist do, on his own terms ? It is very tempting to say that if he is to be agapistic then he must shoot the aggressor. For his love towards neighbour in this situation pulls him in two directions : loving kindness towards sister and mother demands that he shoot, charity to the soldier requires him to hold his fire. To save two is better than to save one and perhaps more important in cases of conflict the interests of persons towards whom one has special obligations should prevail. Besides, if the aggressor is shot he is merely suffering the consequences of his own actions ; the alternative is the death of two people who have done nothing.

Confronted with this argument, some would-be pacifists say something which is a cop-out, namely, that they hope they would have the courage of their convictions but fear they would give way to their feelings. This won't do : the argument was that *agape* demands the shooting of the aggressor. To have the courage of one's convictions and hold one's fire means rejecting *agape*.

But there is a good reason for the anti-violence pacifist to be unimpressed by the argument : the example on which the argument hinges is so very artificial. Concentrating on this fact, he can counter-attack (no doubt gently) as follows. In the example, there happens to be a rifle handy. But weapons do not just happen to be there, they

are made, bought, moved about, for a purpose. Often the purpose is the shooting of human beings ; even where this is not the case, their availability for shooting human beings should someone be so minded is a significant fact about them which can be overlooked only by the irresponsible. Again, in the example there happens to be a good shot ; but no-one is born a good shot. In thinking about morality, one is not obliged to have a ready answer to every imaginary example some polemicist or philosopher dreams up. It is enough, and sufficiently difficult, to have a clear and well-reasoned response properly informed by love of neighbour for all real situations. And it is not the case that there are real situations significantly analogous to that in the example.

I am not fully convinced by this reply but I think it has great force, far more power than is often recognised. Since I am here asking 'What can we learn from pacifism ?'. I shall concentrate on this neglected strong part of the anti-violence pacifist's case. It seems to me no accident that anti-violence pacifism is usually to be heard from people living in societies where the incidence of armed violence is very high : e.g. Tolstoy writing against the background of an openly vicious regime and widespread violence of desperate protest and resistance ; present day Mennonites writing in an America where the police are constantly armed and frequently engaged in lethal gun battles. In such a society, weapons and good shots are everywhere. If there ever is a case analogous to that in the example then it is not in a society like this. For no-one living in such a society can honestly say that the gun just happens to be in the garden shed : its being there is one tiny part of something deep in the people's culture.

If I find the anti-violence pacifist's dismissal of the example as unreal less than persuasive, then that is because I think that there are societies which differ dramatically from nineteenth-century Russia or twentieth-century America. It seems to me that in England now the situation is very significantly different. The police go armed only in highly exceptional circumstances, and any use of the gun is narrowly circumscribed. In saying this, I am not wishing to say that the situation is by any means satisfactory. All I claim is that it makes sense in London at this time to think, in spite of the activity of the bombers, that any shooting incident in which the authorities (e.g. the police) are involved can without any kind of false consciousness be viewed as an isolated phenomenon. Not a case of blood will have blood, but a case of one or a very few individuals responding to a problem located in

one particular time and space, without significant consequences for the future and not a significant symptom of the current state of society.

This brings me to my second type of pacifist : the *anti-war* type. He is prepared to agree, if only for the sake of argument, that there may be cases where the shooting of human beings is justified in terms of love towards one's neighbour. So how can he be a pacifist ? He finds himself unable to participate in *war* and that because of the evil in war (and not, like the Jehovah's Witness, merely because he thinks war is forbidden by God). I am much impressed by the fact that the anti-war pacifists I know are Englishmen. What the anti-war pacifist says is this : ' If one does military service then one loses moral control of one's own actions. One is subject to orders which, at a push, must be obeyed providing that they are legitimate in the very permissive terms of international law. One is unable to form any clear picture of what is being done by oneself and others. I do not object to obeying orders as such, and I am under no illusions about the ability of people working in other big organisations than the military to see what the organisation is trying to do. But the killing of human beings is necessarily deeply problematic for someone committed to agape, and I cannot in conscience bring myself to participate in this killing, or preparations for and threats of this killing, in a context that makes me unable to know what I am doing '.

I find this a deeply persuasive argument. There are of course difficulties with it : where do you draw the line ? is ambulance service permitted ? (Yes, I think it is. For it is quite obvious what one is doing in serving with the ambulance corps : one is trying to save lives and ease the misery of the dying. It may be that one's efforts incidentally benefit some military organisation but that is not what guides one's efforts). What impresses me about the anti-war pacifist's position is *its scruple*. The person who takes this position, and in whose life this position has a natural part, is one who is scrupulously attentive to the minute particulars of which life is made. The noble ideal of love towards neighbour here finds expression in tiny things : the state of this man's conscience is not going to move empires. Yet, having considered the matter, this man acts straightforwardly on grounds that anyone can understand. Quite simply, he acts as he must, knowing that in doing such a momentous thing as killing a man, or threatening or preparing to kill a man one must know what one is doing. Impossible to know what one is doing in war (unless perchance

one is Napoleon or Frederick the Great !) hence the pacifism. The problem is not that the future is so hard to foresee, a very general fact that would preclude all action. It is very specific : in this grave matter, I must myself know what I myself in collaboration with others am doing.

The integrity of some soldiers impresses me just as deeply. But for one article it is perhaps sufficient to ponder the scruple of the anti-war pacifist.

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BARRIE PASKINS.

In Prison for Life



TODAY we are frequently reminded by the media of the increasing prison population and the dangers of increasing congestion in a desperate attempt by the prison authorities to provide adequate accommodation and facilities for those who receive custodial sentences

by the Courts. Every encouragement is now given to alternative sentences but the fact remains that custody is still the only apparent option for many offenders. Amongst them are those men who for grave offences have been granted what is now the ultimate punishment. There are today over a thousand men serving life sentences in this country and the prison service has been adapted to provide a systematic programme for men in this situation.

Selected prisons accommodate them generally alongside those serving other long sentences. So far only one prison in Europe, at Kingston in Portsmouth, has been especially adapted for this purpose. The population is comparatively small and all men are purposely accommodated in single cells. The regime is deliberately liberal and men are allowed considerable freedom to move about within the confines of the establishment. Perhaps the first observation a visitor makes is as to the high standard of accommodation, sanitation and general cleanliness. The inevitable institutional smells seem scarcely to exist. The food is good and the general atmosphere relaxed. Educational facilities are considerable, and a variety of hobbies easily available. On the surface, therefore, this prison contrasts most

favourably with so many other establishments necessarily hampered by chronic over-crowding.

There are those who criticise the general liberality of prisons today, supposing that men can almost enjoy imprisonment and have so easy a time as to find it no deterrent from their habits of crime. In general, however, in spite of all improvements, prisons are sad places filled with sad men, often overwhelmed with a variety of problems, apparently unable to cope with their lives and frequently embittered by past experiences. A lifer may certainly have additional privileges during sentence, but these hardly compensate for the depressing period of prolonged custody with its consequent loss of freedom and perhaps many friends. Above all, the guilt and shame resulting from a major offence may never be entirely overcome.

Life sentences are in fact indeterminate, and whilst release on parole is highly probable, there is no guarantee that a man will necessarily be released at any date. In fact the average period served before parole is at present somewhere around ten years. The man is fully documented, and constantly observed. He knows that he is under review for parole from time to time, but waiting for the result is inevitably a long period, often a great strain on individuals and their relatives.

The Chaplain operates as part of a team who are concerned with every aspect of a prisoner's life. The authorities are detaining men on the judgement of the courts, but considerable efforts are made to understand individuals and to help them to understand themselves. Where a violent anti-social act has occurred, it is important that a man should respond in various ways. He needs to accept his own guilt. In domestic cases this may be relatively simple, but the guilt and shame of certain offences will sometimes prevent a man for many years, from accepting his responsibility for an offence, especially where the death of a child or sexual overtones are concerned. Until guilt is admitted, it is of course impossible for the reasons for the offence to be considered. Background, environment and circumstances all contribute in varying degrees to a situation of stress ; failure under stress is a personality factor which once accepted, can usually be adjusted. Most men require help to face up to their circumstances and needs and in a smaller prison, greater time and opportunities very often facilitate this.

The establishment of personal relationships is vital to the cheering of sad men and the restoring of hope to the despairing. At Portsmouth,

both between residents and staff and all who visit, this endeavour is foremost. Facilities for personal visits are excellent and many voluntary visitors from various walks of life are introduced to men to give them support and encouragement, and above all, friendship and the assurance that only the acceptance by ordinary people can provide. Official Prison Visitors meet individual men regularly in their cells in the evenings. Locally appointed visitors meet men in the large, airy and bright visiting room, alongside men receiving their own relatives and personal friends. Teachers on a variety of subjects come in during the evenings. Teams challenge residents in games of football, darts, badminton, chess, etc.

The role of the Chaplain and the Church in such a situation is wide and flexible. A priority is that the Chaplain is seen to be involved in every possible level and available as a friend and priest to all who will accept him. His leadership of the religious worship will be obvious and the general response has been very encouraging for a surprisingly high proportion of men attending church services, receiving Holy Communion, or after long preparation, being confirmed by the Bishop. In this prison ulterior motives for attending church are largely lacking. Men do not visit as an excuse to get out of a locked cell or closed wing, to relieve the boredom, or meet their friends, since they are mostly not locked up during the day and access between wings is normal. Several regular visitors share the Sunday worship and join in the social gathering after the service. This is an important part of the role of the worshipping community in aiding good relationships with a variety of people.

At several group meetings each week in the Chaplain's comfortable, relaxing office in the centre of the accommodation area of the prison, discussions and talks by a variety of visiting speakers prove generally popular and men have free access to him at any time without the routine of formal requests. With his colleagues he observes the men as individual people with their characteristics, strengths and weaknesses, helping them whenever he can to adjust and make ready for release. He has the difficult responsibility of making observations to the authorities on suitability for eventual parole.

A man in prison who is a lifer always remains a real person from a real family, with real hopes and fears. It is easy to condemn violent acts and violent men, but more difficult and more necessary to understand them and help them. The judgement of society has been passed but the responsibility of the community to care and especially the

Church to extend fellowship, compassion and forgiveness remains paramount. This neighbour in need is a neighbour indeed. For lifers, time is a factor. How much time passed they know only too well, and how much time in the future with possible liberty they cannot tell. They wait as the days flow past, for the great hope to be fulfilled—the date of release. So often it is refused them and they have to accept the ‘knock-back’ and go on waiting. They have all the time to hope but they need acceptance by ordinary people and the chance to begin again.

KINGSTON PRISON,
PORTSMOUTH.

DONALD S.S.F.,
Chaplain.

Campus Crusades ?

Religion and Student Protest



‘NO one can understand contemporary student unrest who fails to perceive the extent to which it is a religious movement’. So writes John Searle, a Professor of Philosophy at Berkeley and formerly one of the original faculty leaders of the Free Speech Movement there, in his survey of problems in American Universities (‘The Campus War’, Pelican, 1972, p. 14).

By ‘religious’ he does not mean that the movement is connected with any church or belief in the supernatural : rather, that it ‘involves a search for the sacred’, a yearning for transcendence, goals beyond the career-structure and the G.N.P. He particularly identifies the extraordinary sense of *community* engendered by any successful sit-in or ‘demo’, and also the remarkable idealism and romanticism of a generation of students which Professor David Martin has subtly satirised as the new ‘Cavaliers’ or, in his book ‘Anarchy and Culture’, 1969, as ‘the Houghton Street Day Nursery of Revolution’. Another L.S.E. Professor, Ernest Gellner, has remarked in similar vein that this protest movement has ‘fantasy but not imagination, and this leads to fancy-dress politics. Che Guevara is, basically, the T. E. Lawrence of the Left’.

Both Searle and Martin point to quasi-religious aspects such as marked the great Protestant and Marxist revolutions : iconoclasm and polarisation. An important element in creating any community feeling is to identify your adversary. '*Know Thine Enemy*' was the headline which the L.S.E. Student Union handbook gave to its description of the School Administration and Governing Body in 1972. We have to know beyond any shadow of doubt who is *us* and who is *them*. Having identified the enemy as Authority (no compromise is possible), he must be humiliated and his power shown to be either a paper tiger or else dependent on the support of police and the courts with their injunctions, fines, banishments and all the weaponry of oppression. Were you there when they crucified my Tariq Ali, Cohn-Bendit, Robin Blackburn ? And if so, you were one of *us*, not *them*. The marriage of polarisation and iconoclasm gives birth to community and an intoxicating sense of Justification. No secular causes, no academic curricula can match this fervour : probably no church commitment, with the possible exception of the charismatic sects, can foster such a sense of identity, excitement and fulfilment.

If this seems largely negative, almost cynical, there are positive aspects to the student protest movement. It is not all therapy for a Spock-nursed generation, bored with affluence and searching for a father-figure to hate and dethrone. The search is far more profound, the idealism unmistakable and essentially 'religious'. The major dissatisfactions of students with the old order have been well rehearsed : its bureaucracy ; classification by exams and grades ; involvement with Big Business, weapons-research and the oppression of the Third World ; the inhumanity of a system that is forced by sheer weight of numbers to allow efficiency to override individual tastes and preferences (especially where course-structures and time-tables are involved). To which may be added, in deference to the N.U.S. Grants Action Campaign, dissatisfaction with their own poverty (which can only be called such when compared with the wage-packets their non-student peers will be bringing home). But, as for any other social grouping (teachers, miners, etc.), the grant represents the value which society places on their labour, the esteem or lack of it with which they are regarded.

A more sophisticated cause of student disenchantment is with the 'quality of life' offered on many campuses : in Ivan Illich's terminology, with education packaged as a 'product', subdivided into

'subjects': knowledge transmitted in dollops to be swallowed and then regurgitated when the examiner's bell rings and the victims are released like so many greyhounds chasing their hare to the winning-post. And when at last the prize is won, they know it may easily turn out to be merely a golden handshake and the sorrowful response at the Labour Exchange: 'Sorry, mate, you're over-qualified'.

Certainly, some of these discontents are exaggerated, others apply only to some students on some campuses: some are remediable as the institutions change and undergo reform, others would require a Utopia to put right. But they all in some measure feed the demands of radical student movements for a whole new set of values and a new way of life, based (if this can be reduced to a simple cliché) not on competition but on co-operation. Much of the language, the rhetoric with which the ideals are presented, is reminiscent of the millenarian movements, the Diggers and the Levellers of the Seventeenth Century, of the Chartists and the Utopian Socialists of the Nineteenth Century, or indeed of the Old Testament prophets.

Herbert Marcuse, the guru par excellence of the protest movement, sets the tone: 'The question is no longer: how can the individual satisfy his own needs without hurting others, but rather: how can he satisfy his needs without hurting himself, without reproducing, through his aspirations and satisfactions, his dependence on an exploitative apparatus which, in satisfying his needs, perpetuates his servitude?'. And the answer comes: by *solidarity* and *co-operation*. 'The social expression of the liberated work instinct is co-operation, which, grounded in solidarity, directs the organisation of the realms of necessity and the development of the realm of freedom' ('Essay on Liberation', Pelican ed., 1972, pp. 14, 93). Or, as we might annotate the Psalmist, 'Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way? Even by ruling himself after thy (and the redeemed community's) liberating word'. Or, we might well say, 'Behold, I set before you this day life, fulfilment, liberation and co-operation: or death, alienation, servitude and competition. Therefore choose life'.

The language, the style with which protest is formulated, is certainly 'religious'. So is the certainty with which the new Orthodoxy, the radical Gospel, is promulgated. Searle (p. 62) quotes a report on the Uses of U.C., Berkeley, Research issued by the Radical Student Union: 'We are Jonahs inside the great white whale of American iniquity'. There is no argument for or against such an assertion: you either

feel it or you do not : you can only respond Amen, Alleluia ! or Anathema ! Such an orthodoxy requires total commitment : its appeal is not to reason but to ecstasy : it admits of no ' Yes, but . . . 's ' and will certainly not submit to death by a thousand qualifications. ' Justification by commitment seems clearly descended from Justification by Faith ', remarks Gellner. This kind of demonic religiousness seems totally opposed to the true function of the University, which is also one description of true religion, ' Exploration into Truth '.

Today, at least in this country and in spite of a resurgence of militant student protest at Essex University and sporadic sit-ins to dramatise the Grants Action Campaign (mainly at Polytechnics), student crusading fervour such as has been described seems to be dying down. Even the phrase ' Campus War ' has a foreign and faintly archaic ring about it to English ears, perhaps because we escaped the extremes of militant protest and police repression in this country. Hence, the question arises : may we now find the ' religious ' impulse shifting from the political scene and reactivating the more traditionally religious movements on or off the campus ? Will the charisma which seems to have deserted radical student leaders now rest upon the charismatic Christian and quasi-Christian movements which promise to bring new life to our tired and beleaguered mainstream institutions ? What follows is drawn from observation of at least one sector of the English scene over the past four years :—

(1) Some enthusiasm still finds its way into student politics : but concern for government and institutions, representation on committees (apart from strictly departmental committees) has considerably waned since 1970. The resulting *absence of student representation* is felt most keenly by University authorities who are aware that while the work may be carried out more smoothly and rapidly without the intervention of junior members, they would vastly prefer decisions that are truly corporate. They want representation in fact as well as in name : its absence leaves a dangerous vacuum to be filled.

(2) What wholehearted commitment there is attaches more to *community issues*. Squatters' campaigns, tenants' associations, claimants' unions arouse more enthusiasm than most national and international issues which would be normally regarded as ' straight political '. The comparative failure of the national Grants Campaign and local rent strikes earlier this year brought home to students the gloomy realisation that, in spite of their numbers, their power (even

that of the N.U.S.) was limited and their public support even more so.

In this stress on community politics there is, of course, both loss and gain. Loss, in that students feel less responsibility for improving and humanising their own immediate environment : and a more cynical disenchantment with national politics and politicians may represent another 'trahison des clercs'. Gain, in that at least community politics offer a clear role for individual action and initiative, a good training-ground for wider and deeper involvement later on. Providing there is a 'later on'. But the danger remains that 'doing our own thing' may simply mean 'whatever game we're going to play, we won't play *theirs*'.

(3) Interest is more clearly engaged in 'life-styles' than in seemingly abstract ideological stances. Sexual and personal 'liberation' (whatever this may mean) becomes more important : to experience and shape one's own culture more relevant (a vogue word) than discussing that of other people ; the group experience, informal and flexible, more authentic when enriched by pot and electronic ecstasy in flats, bars and communes. Under such circumstances, even Gay Lib. and Women's Lib. inspire little enthusiasm after the novelty has worn off. Student life has become vastly more privatised without wishing to be in any sense individualistic (a word tainted with bourgeois and suburban overtones). Confusing, confused, perhaps, but never static, never dull.

(4) *Religious societies* share a fate similar to the political. While there is no lack of interest in questions of religion—and especially in religious experience—anything that smacks of formal commitment is unfashionable. The retreat from reason is as marked within student circles as outside them : so is disenchantment with established bodies and mainstream Christianity. The more fundamentalist groups flourish in places where the old-style 'liberal' and 'social awareness' groups are weakest. But there are not many signs of what is commonly called 'Revival' : while the impact of neo-Pentecostal, charismatic enthusiasm is strong on some campuses, there is nothing in Britain to compare with, for example, the strange happenings at Ann Arbor, Michigan, where the 'House of God' reports charismatic meetings of one thousand or more.

Nor do the 'Stars in the East', described by Kenneth Leech in his 'Youthquake', a study of contemporary youth sub-cultures in Britain, shine out brilliantly over our campuses. Reason may be in retreat,

but it has not lapsed into the dottier forms of gnosticism and Jesus-freakery which seem to flourish, for some reason, at *Reading*. 'Campus Crusade' and some of the pedlars of spiritual insurance are reported active at Nottingham, but make little headway elsewhere. Nor is the straight, more conservative approach of the Billy Graham gossellers any more successful with students.

In fact, where religion is expressed communally it is more likely to come alive in small cell-groups, such as those developed in Imperial College, London, so skilfully over a decade : or in forms of celebration, spontaneous liturgy, 'conviviality' (to use Illich's word), such as the West End enjoyed in its festival of worship, 'That's the Spirit'. For the rest, both religious and political societies report a similar story : privatisation, a retreat from public commitment to private experience, reinforced by suspicion of organisation, vested interests and dogmatic pronouncements. It is always possible that the religious scene may change dramatically if the charismatic groups come to set fire to our academic earth : and if the growing popularity of T-Groups, sensitivity and encounter-groups, halts the rising tide of privatisation. But perhaps, more than anything else, it may be the marked appetite for ritual and its vogue word 'celebration' that holds the key to the future of both protest movements and 'straight' religious communities on the campus. It has often been remarked that Demonstrations make excellent TV material (even that they are stage-managed by the media) : they are dramatic, the actors often beautiful : they make a point effectively, if over-stridently. They are eminently liturgical. The acted symbolism, when it has been clearly thought out (as most thoroughly by Gandhi or Martin Luther King), bears comparison with that of the great Old Testament prophets.

Moreover, a Calendar, almost a liturgical cycle of events, emerges over the years with its commemorations and martyrologies. Students feel deprived if there is no annual sit-in to mark the coming of Spring. Easter and the Aldermaston March, Christmas and Campaigns for the Homeless, symbolism and event, ritual and myth, are as closely intertwined in the expression of student protest as they are in the experience of the politically conscious Christian believer. As yet, neither the institutional churches nor the institutional universities have imaginatively exploited these phenomena. But there may be here for both of them a sign of hope, as well as a note of warning, for the future.

O Creatures All : In Honour of S. Francis

A skylark's exultation bore his soul
to heaven where she properly belongs.
If not by singing our house-martins merit
comparison for joy their flying brings :
news every morning when I wash my face
and bless their blessing me for faithfully
coming each spring till now to share my eaves,
straws in their beaks towards my eternity.

In other part of this capacious spread
a sparrow threatens seedlings in my boxes.
Eye to eye, surely I wish him dead,
yet better killing slugs than chickens foxes,
whom I can't crush. Entering at night
they trace on haircord luminescent maps,
harmless, unswerving if I switch on light
and gone by dawn, a brush sweeps off their traipse
around the table's feet of family meals.

Mice in the pantry nibble off old Times
and multiply on the stale news that falls
crumbs short of those realities it mimes :
but could I poison, putting pets at risk ?
Nocturnal spiders, ants in the sugar, flies :
summer's true guerillas force me ask
how do our own immortal spirits fare ?
Diminishing as each single creature dies
when God decrees.

Not marvelling at Baschi, I prepare
herring, carp and mackerel for food,
in emblem Corpus Christi, sad or glad :
glad to cohabit neighbours of my air
but not share all that work with creature guests
who thrive despite me, in despite sharing thriving
with me, and with sun's invisible creatures
who spoil my soups in hours
according to their gastronomic natures
yet quintessential to my fully living.
They profit best the farmers of our sewers,
both indirectly and discreetly us :
climacteric tomatoes ripened sweet
to be our local global miracles
we propagate unwitting all our years.

Sometimes I crush an insect or wood-louse—
but what of rats, should they invest our house ?
No.
Though judgment through them may deface me,
many unborn are kicking to replace me.

FRANK LISSAUER,
Summer, 1975.

Books

God's Way

Costing Not Less Than Everything. *By John Dalrymple.*

Darton, Longman and Todd, 128 pp., £1.10.

I took a long time to read and mull over Father Dalrymple's second book (the first was *The Christian Affirmation* about four years ago) and perhaps by writing twenty-one short chapters, he intended his reader to reflect with him. He writes about holiness for modern Christians and his book, written with a simple style, is a basic spiritual pointer to God. He meets us where we are, catches our private thoughts to an uncomfortable degree and puts the challenge. He attacks both personal and also society's accepted limits—and we know he's right.

He reminds us of the naturalness of praying—he suggests that we are already holding a constant conversation with ourselves, and that a prayerful attitude is when we consciously turn it into a conversation with the Father! The author strikes the stark Gospel chords that appeal to any Franciscan—

constantly pointing beyond the means to the end: God himself; and in everything he talks about, be it poverty, prayers or the cross, he leads us on to God. 'What is new in the N.T. is not the Cross, which is as old as time, but the loving acceptance of it' (p. 118).

Father Jock is known to many Franciscans in Scotland, and I would commend him to all who are already Christians, and need a challenge to go deeper—yet not by further pious exercises but in a life in today's world centred in, or wanting to be more centred in, the love of the Lord. A saint is not conscious of himself as showing much holiness, for his aim is not sanctity but loving God and men.

The way is God's way, the choice is our choice. If you use this book devotionally don't try to go to sleep on it, its strictly for those purposed to wake up!

DAMIAN S.S.F.

Living Lord

In Him Was Life. *By Caroline Glyn.*

Gollancz, 1975, Illustrated, 256 pp., £4.50.

'Were you there when they crucified my Lord?' It is a necessary part of the experience of following Christ to join imaginatively in personal encounter with him. S. Ignatius in his spiritual exercises encouraged such imaginative encounter by 'composition of place' and 'application of the senses'. Dorothy L. Sayers helped many by her plays, 'The Man born to be King', and made Christ a real and terrifying, as well as appealing, figure. This book should do for many what she did for a generation of radio listeners.

Caroline Glyn is an experienced novelist who has for eight years now been a member of an enclosed Anglican community. In this book she shares her own personal meditations on the life of Christ. To present Christ in this way it is necessary to assume that the gospels are more or less factual records of what actually happened and to enter imaginatively into the experience of those who met him. Each of the episodes is told in the first person by a real or imaginary character. The result is a lively book which could enrich the

spiritual life of many a reader. It is to be hoped that it will be widely read and allowed to make its own impact.

Not all the characters through whom Jesus is seen are sympathetic—there is one episode ‘related’ by Simon the Pharisee, another by the cripple at the pool of Bethesda, another by Judas Iscariot as his loyalty withers. Simon Peter and other apostles, Mary the mother of Jesus, Mary Magdalene and Mary of Bethany, lepers and others who are healed are all made to declare what experience of Jesus has meant to them. Such treatment necessarily involves an element of fiction, the author’s craft, and some episodes are more fictional than others. Joanna the wife of Chusa, for instance, becomes a visionary who sees the descent of Christ into Hades. Judas Iscariot is, before his call, the unjust steward of the parable. But the fiction serves the purpose of presenting the characters as solid and believable persons, whose fears, hopes and

problems can be recognised.

The author has illustrated the book with her own illustrations which are also a striking witness to her own faith (though it is possible that some readers who could benefit from the book will not be at home with the style of the illustrations!).

The whole book presents Jesus as both a living man and as the power of God. If pictorial meditations are what you need (and many of us need to let Jesus into our imaginations before we try prematurely to launch into the prayer of quiet) it is not to be missed.

It may need some hunting for. One would-be purchaser in Oxford failed to obtain it at Mowbrays, but found it at Blackwells in the fiction shelves! But perhaps after all that is the right place to find it. Take it as fiction and it may connect better than if one treats it too consciously as a ‘helpful’ book.

ALBAN S.S.F.

Rural Ministry

Groups and Teams in the Countryside. *Edited by Anthony Russell.* S.P.C.K., £1.75.

If there are howls of pain from the church in the urban areas and wails of despair from the countryside this book of essays should put back some heart into the pessimists and prophets of gloom.

Anthony Russell and his colleagues have given a factual record of what can be achieved by constructive rethinking of the parochial situation in small and often isolated rural communities. Remembering that the word ‘pagan’ is derived from a word meaning ‘dweller in the country’ with all the overtones of rustic and uneducated behaviour we should not expect the church’s ministry among country folk to be easy. However sensible attempts can be made to overcome the inherent difficulties which

are added to considerably by the appalling cost of maintaining the fabric of beautiful but old church buildings.

It is necessary to understand the structure of the rural church and Anthony Russell’s first chapter on this is excellent as is also his definition of the difference between a group and a team. Indeed his three chapters (the other two are on *The Establishment of Group Ministry in Norfolk* and *The Historical Perspective*) are the best in the book. The description by Peter Bradshaw of what has actually happened in the Hempsall Group over a longish span of time (ten years) is valuable because it gives us the opportunity of evaluating the whole concept of groups. There are still some who doubt the worth of the

experiment and for them as indeed for anyone involved at any level in the work of the church in the countryside this book is a tonic. Not that the authors would wish their readers to consider their solutions to their particular problems to be regarded as a panacea for all rural ills nor a blueprint for future experimentation; but as a contribution to our understanding of what is being done and

the debate of what might be achieved these essays, including others on the Clergyman's changing Role and Aspects of the Leadership Problem, are thoroughly worthwhile reading.

So far most thoughts on the rural ministry have stemmed from East Anglia. Is no one else experimenting?

BRIXWORTH.

NICHOLAS CHUBB.

Recovery of Vision

Yes to God. By *Alan Ecclestone*.

Darton, Longman & Todd, £1.85.

The author is writing about prayer, seeking to point out just how big a dimension this is, with the enormous richness of man's experience and heritage. There can be little effective prayer—or life—without 'engagement' and a 'passion', which alone can bring a transfiguration. These are key words throughout the book.

Beginning with the activity of prayer itself, the author, a much respected Anglican priest, comes across with such pregnant phrases as 'a man *is* what he prays' (p. 26) or 'We pray *because* there is love and pain in life . . . because we want to share this with another' (p. 39).

The book points to—pleads for—the positive all the time, the Yes from ourselves, as there was the Yes from Christ; Yes also through the rich heritage that

is there for us to share in. The urgent note is sounded that we are in considerable danger of losing our spiritual eyes—and we shan't see clearly any more. And so from the poet, sculptor and artist alike, he draws our attention to their spiritual contributions and insights, urging us to go and look at their works and help ourselves to recover this capacity to perceive—to recover a true vision—and not just amid the limited range of 'religious' things.

We shall find within our own depths a reality of ourselves as God made us, if we take up the gifts and potential he has provided, which together with the reality around us is what he made. 'Contemplative living is really a matter of learning to see' (p. 40).

DAMIAN S.S.F.

The Gift of Prayer

You He made Alive. By *Peter Hocken*. 126 pp., £1.00.

This is a very exciting book by a Roman Catholic priest who has been profoundly influenced by the neo-Pentecostalist revival of our day. It breathes joy, openness and practical pastoral wisdom. This is one of the finest books in this field to cross my desk in recent years. It should prove of great value to those who try to direct others in the life of prayer and devotion

as well as assist those who are seeking for a life of deeper commitment in prayer and action. This is a very biblical book—that is, its content wells up from meditation and reflection on the biblical revelation. Those who are not Roman Catholics will find little, if anything, here which will arouse serious reservations. The constant reminder that Christian belief, and therefore

Christian devotion, is *always* Trinitarian is more than a recalling of us to the real foundations of Christian dogma and doctrine. More importantly, this is seen as the very ground of spiritual maturity and growth. Directors and confessors and all who guide others will profit on pondering on these sections of this admirable exposition of spirituality. The section on the place of liturgical prayer and its relationship to personal prayer, the exposition of the importance of praise and thanksgiving and the thought-provoking account of the complementarity of sound and silence, words and contemplation, are all extraordinarily well done. Indeed, the latter is, in your reviewer's judgement, a

sound corrective to (*me judice*) the current and quite confusing antithesis between vocal and contemplative prayer taught by many contemporary exponents of spirituality. The section on tongues and prayer is the best treatment of this subject I have seen in print, marked by judicious balance and a Christian insight against the un-Incarnational fear of emotions finding a proper place in prayer and worship. There is good pastoral judgement and counsel in the section on group prayer and prayer groups. Throughout there is the underlying assumption that prayer is above all the gift of God.

✠ JOHN CHARLES S.S.F.

Called by God

Rule for a New Brother. Darton, Longman and Todd, 58 pp., 50p.

This is a translation by the Benedictine Nuns of Cockfosters of a Rule from the Brakkenstein Community of the Blessed Sacrament Fathers in Holland, and is characterised by a freshness of language which carries along an exposition of a thoroughly contemporary spirituality with its roots deep in the great classical tradition of Western Christianity. Whilst written primarily for Religious there is much here for everyone who is looking

for a revived faith. The emphasis of the divine initiative in spiritual growth is a healthy corrective for much that passes for spirituality today and the passages which root our following of Jesus as *the* mystery of the gospel reflect the profoundly biblical character of this superb little book. Tertiaries of S.S.F. would find this a helpful approach to a deepened understanding of their obligations. ✠ JOHN CHARLES S.S.F.

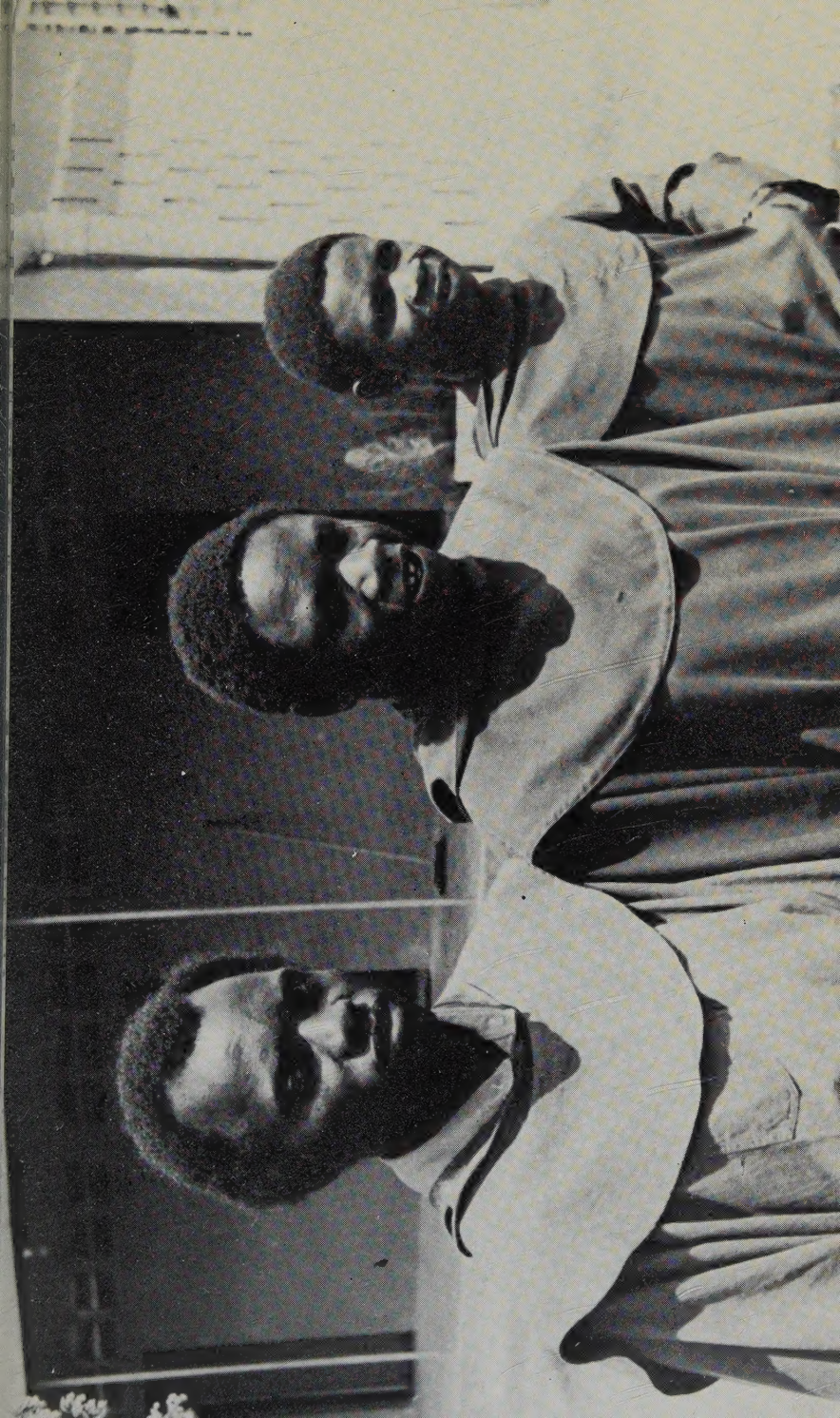
Texts and Quotations

Concise Dictionary of Religious Quotations. By William Neil. Mowbrays, £4.50.

A varied and beautifully arranged collection of texts and quotations in which a number of sources, including the works of well-known Christian writers are used as well as the Bible and the Book of Common Prayer. The cross-references and indexes are very useful and helpful in finding exactly

what one is seeking, and the appearance of some familiar quotations under less familiar subject headings may lead the reader, (as it did this reviewer), to find the book a source of inspiration for meditation as well as an aid to sermon preparation.

ANGELO S.S.F.



*Three newly professed brothers in Africa. Brother William George,
Brother Wulfram and Brother Petro.*